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CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE State of Man IN THIS LIFE,

And in That which is to come

Inveni portam; Spes & Fortuna valete.

By JEREMY TAYLOR, D. D. and late Lord Bishop of *Down* and *Connor*.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by *H. N.* for *H. Newman*, in the *Poultry*. and *E. Richardson*, in *Newgate* Street. 1698.

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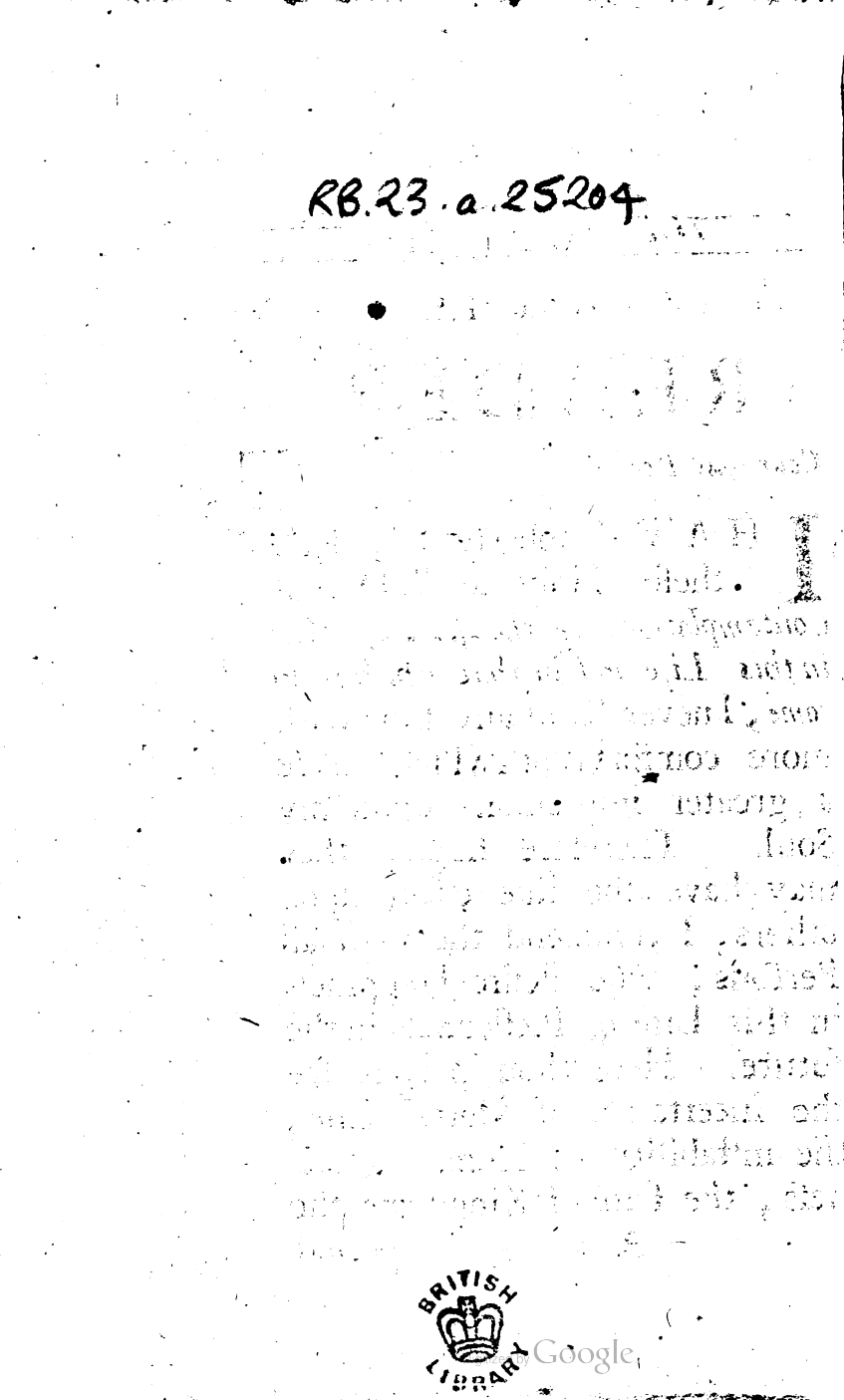

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TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

I HAVE ſoberly conſider'd theſe Holy and Devout *Contemplations of the ſtate of Man in this Life and in that which is to come*; I never Read any thing with more comfort, or which made a greater impreſſion upon my Soul. Therefore hoping they may have the like effect upon others, I commend them to all Perſons, who deſire Happineſs in this Life or Bleſſedneſs in the future. Here thou mayeſt ſee the incertainty of Mortal Life, the inſtability of Human greatneſs, the Fate of Kingdoms, the

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period of Empires; the Worlds Funeral; Time laid in the duſt; and the Dread and Horror of the laſt Judgment. Here thou mayſt have a proſpect of the Grandeur of Heaven, the Glory of the Bleſſed, and the Miſeries and Infelicities of the Damned. The due conſideration whereof will beget in thee Holineſs of Life; nothing can be of more conſequence (in theſe worſt of days) to promote thy future Happineſs and Glory. True Piety ſows the Seeds of the moſt ſollid greatneſs. Men endowed with Moral Virtues, they are like Diamonds, Rich, but Unpoliſhed; it's the fear of God that adds the true Luſtre, and ſets them fair.

IN the ſervice of God, all the Items of Happineſs and Bleſſedneſs are Summed up.

DOEST

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To the Reader.

DOEST thou desire Riches? Serve God, and thou canst never be poor, Doest thou desire preferment? Live a Holy and Devout Life (as these *Contemplations* are the best Introduction to it) and thou shalt go ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν, from Grace to Glory; Grace is *Aurora Gloriæ*; Glory nothing but a bright Constellation of Graces; and Happiness, nothing but the quintessence of Holiness. I shall not detain thee longer, but beg of God that these holy *Contemplations* may so influence thy Soul, that thou mayst be made partaker of that Eternal weight of Glory which is laid up for all those that love and serve him.

I am thy Friend and
Servant in Christ Jesus.

B Hale, *D.D.*

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TO THE READER.

Candid Reader,

THE *most Learned and Pious* Jeremy Taylor. *D.D. late Lord Bishop of* Down *and* Connor *in* Ireland, *having left these Holy* Contemplations *in the Hands of a worthy Friend of his, with a full purpose to have Printed them, if he had lived; but since it hath pleased God to take that Devout and Holy Person to himself; the better to advance Devotion and Sanctity of Life, and to make Men less in love with this frail Life, and more with that which is Eternal, it is thought fit to make them Publick. I beseech God to conduct us all, by the many helps and assistances which he hath been graciously pleased to afford us, to further us in Piety and Holiness of Life, is the Prayer of,*

Thy Friend,

Robert Harris.

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CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE STATE of MAN.

LIB. I.

CHAP. I.

Contemplations on Time, and of the State of Man in this Life.

ALL Philosophers which have thought of the Nature of Time, and which with much Subtilty, have disputed what it was; at length come to conclude, That they know not what it is; the most they can reach unto, is, That no Time is long; and that can only be called Time which is

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is present, the which is but a Moment: And how can that be said to be, since the only cause why it is, is because it shall not be, but is to pass into the *preterit*; so as we cannot affirm it to have a Being: The being of Time consists only of a succession of Instants, or transitory Beings, subsisting only by a flux of Moments, and changes as many Faces as it contains Instants; it slides out of his hands that strives to hold it: In naming of it, we lose it; so subtil it is by Nature, that it were to weigh the Fire, and measure the Wind, to strive to stay this *Proteus*; in an instant he vanisheth; and while you think to shew him with your Finger, he is gone. We have only a Moment in our power, and a Moment which is lost in the very instant in which we think to grasp it. See then what it is to trust unto Human Life, since it's a Member of that which is so unconstant and rapid as Time, which runs and passes away according to the course of the Sun, and Revolutions of the Stars in the Firmament. Know then, that Death follows thee not with Leaden Feet, it runs after thee with a Motion equal to that of the Stars, whose swiftness is so prodigious, that according

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to the more moderate account of *Clavius*, they run in one day more than a Thouſand ſeventeen Millions and an half of Leagues; and in one hour more than Forty two Millions: After this rate doth Death purſue thee; How is it that thou Trembleſt not? How comes it that thou Feareſt not? Even Life it ſelf is given to us but by pieces, and mingles as many parts of Death as there are of Life; the Age of Infancy dies when we enter into that of Childhood; and that of Childhood when we become Youths; that of Youth, when we come to Age of Manhood; That, when we are old; and even Old Age it ſelf Expires when we become Decrepit: So that during the ſame Life, we find many Deaths, and yet can hardly perſwade our ſelves that we ſhall Dye once. Let us caſt our Eyes upon our Life paſt, let us conſider what is become of our Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, they are now dead in us; in the ſame manner ſhall thoſe Ages of our Life, which are to come, Dye alſo. Neither do we only Dye, in the principal times of Life, but every hour, every moment includes a kind of Death in the Succeſ-

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sion and Change of Things: What content is there in Life, which dies not by some succeeding Sorrow? What affliction of Pain, which is not followed by some equal, or greater Grief than it self? Why are we grieved for what is absent, since it offends us being present? What we desire with impatience, being possessed, brings Care and Solicitude, Grief and Affliction.

THE short time which any Pleasures stays with us, it is not to be enjoy'd wholly, and all at once, but tasted by parts; so as when the second part comes, we feel not the Pleasure of the first, lessening it self every Moment, and we our selves still dying with it; there being no instant of Life, wherein Death gains not ground of us; the Motions of the Heavens is but the swift turn of the Spindle, which roles up the Thred of our Lives; and a most fleet Horse upon which Death runs Post after us. There is no moment of Life, wherein Death hath not equal Jurisdiction; and there is no point of Life, which we divide not with Death; so as, if well consider'd, we live but only one point, and have not Life but for the present instant.

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inſtant. Our Years paſt, are now vaniſhed; and we enjoy no more of them, than if we were already Dead; the Years to come we live not, and poſſeſs no more of them, than if we were not yet born: Yeſterday is gon, to Morrow we know not what ſhall be; of to Day many hours are paſt, and we live them not; others are to come, and whether we ſhall live them or no, is uncertain; ſo that all Counts caſt up, we live but this preſent Moment; and in this alſo we are Dying; ſo that we cannot ſay, That Life is any thing but the half of an Inſtant, an indiviſible Point, divided betwixt it and Death.

WITH reaſon may this Life be called the ſhadow of Death, ſince under the ſhadow of Life, Death ſteals upon us; and as at every ſtep the Body takes, the ſhadow takes another; ſo at every pace our Lives move forward, Death equally advances with it; and as Eternity is ever in beginning, and is therefore a perpetual beginning; ſo Life is ever ending and concluding, and may therefore be called a perpetual End, and a continual Death; there is no pleaſure in Life, which although

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though it ſhould laſt Twenty continued Years, that cannot be preſent with us longer than an Inſtant; and with ſuch counterpoiſe, that in it Death no leſs appeareth, than Life is enjoyed.

IF a Man were Lord of infinite Worlds, and poſſeſt infinite riches, if they were at laſt to end, and he to leave them, they were to be valued as nothing; and if all things Temporal have this evil property, to fade and periſh, they ought to have no more eſteem, then if they were not.

O miſerable condition of Human Nature! vain is all we live without Chriſt; all fleſh is graſs, and all the glory of it as the flower of the Field. Where is now that comly Viſage? Where is now the Dignity of the whole Body, with which, as with a fair Garment, the Beauty of the Soul was once cloathed? Ah pity! the Lily is wither'd, the purple of the Violet turned into paleneſs; therefore let us conſider what in time muſt become of us, and what will we, or will we not, cannot be far off; for ſhould our lives exceed the term of Nine hundred years, and that the days of *Methuſalem* were beſtowed upon

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upon us; yet all the length of life once past (and pass it must) were nothing; and betwixt him who lives but ten years, and him who lives a thousand, the end of Life, and the unavoidable necessity of Death once come, all is the same, save only he who lives longer, departs heavier laden with sins.

Vain are all Honours, vain are the Applauses, the Riches and Pleasures of Life, which being it self so short and so frail, makes all things Vain which depend upon it, and so becomes it self a Vanity of Vanities, and an Universal Vanity. What account would thou make of a Tower founded upon a Quick-Sand? Or what safety wouldst thou hope for in a Ship bored with holes? Certainly, thou oughtest to give no more esteem unto the things of this World, since they are founded upon a thing so unstable as this Life. What can all Human things be, since Life which sustains it, hath, according to *David*, no more consistence than smoak; or, according to *Aquinas*, than a little Vapor, which in a moment vanisheth? Altho' it should endure a Thousand years, yet coming to an end, it were equal to that which lasted but a day; for

for as well the felicity of a long, as a ſhort life is but Smoak and Vanity, ſince they both paſs away, and conclude in Death.

Guerricus, a moſt famous Divine, hearing the 5*th* Chapter of *Geneſis* read, wherein are recounted the Sons and Deſcendents of *Adam*, in theſe terms, *The whole Life of* Adam *was Nine hundred thirty Years, and he died; the Life of his Son* Seth *was Nine hundred and twelve Years, and he died*; and ſo of the reſt; began to think with himſelf, that if ſuch and ſo great Men, after ſo long a time, ended in Death, it was not ſafe to loſe more time in this World, but ſo to ſecure his life, that loſing it here, he might find it hereafter. What can the Delights of Man be, ſince his life is but a Dream, a Shadow, and as the Twinkling of an Eye! If the moſt long life be ſhort, What can be the pleaſures of that moment by which is loſt eternal happineſs? O how vain are Men, who ſeeing Life ſo ſhort, endeavour to live long, and not to live well! Since it's a thing moſt certain, that every Man may live well; but no Man, what age ſoever he attains unto, can live long; every day we die, and every day we loſe ſome part

of

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of Life; and in our growth, our Life decreaſes and grows leſs; and this very day wherein we live, we divide with Death. Our Life, in the Book of Wiſdom, is compared unto the paſſing of a Shadow; which, as it may be ſaid to be a kind of Night, ſo Life may be ſaid to be a kind of Death; for as the ſhadow hath ſome part of Light, ſome of Darkneſs; ſo our Life hath ſome part of Death, and ſome of Life, until it comes to end in a pure Death; and ſince it is to end in a not being (its very little to be regarded) eſpecially compared with Eternity, which hath a being conſtant and for ever. The ſhadow, whereſoever it paſſes, leaves no track behind it; and of the greateſt Perſonages in the World, when they are once dead, then there remains no more than if they had never lived. How many preceding Emperors in the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy were Lords of the World as well as *Alexander?* And now we remain not only ignorant of their Monument, but know not ſo much as their Names; and of the ſame Great *Alexander*, What have we at this day, except the vain noiſe of his Fame? There is nothing conſtant in this Life; the Moon hath every Month her changes; but the Life of Man hath them every day, eve-

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ry hour; now he is ſick, now in health; now ſorrowful, now merry, now fearful. With what imaginations is he afflicted? With how many labours and toils does he daily wreſtle? With what thoughts and apprehenſions doth he torment himſelf? What dangers of Soul and Body doth he run into? What Vanity is he forced to behold? What injuries to ſuffer? What Neceſſities and Afflictions? Nay, ſuch is our whole life, that it ſeems unto me little leſs evil than that of Hell, but only for the hope we have of Heaven; our Infancy is full of Ignorance and Fears, our Youth of Sin, our Age of Sorrow, and our whole Life of dangers. There is none content with his condition, but he who will die whileſt he lives; in ſo much as Life cannot be good, unleſs it muſt reſemble Death. Since therefore the whole time of this Life is ſo ſhort, and we know not how long it will laſt, let us reſolve not to loſe the opportunity of gaining Eternity. Altho' we were certain to live yet a hundred years longer, we ought not to ſpare one minute from the gaining of Eternity; but being uncertain how long we are to live, and perhaps ſhall dye to morrow, how can we be ſo careleſs, as to let the ſecuring of our glory paſs, which here-

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hereafter will never be offered? Consider what an Eternal Repentance will follow thee, if thou makest not use of the occasion of time for the purchasing of the Kingdom of Heaven; especially when thou shalt see, that with so little ado thou mightest have gained that everlasting glory, which to satisfie a short pleasure thou hast lost for ever.

O Eternal God, who dwellest in Eternity, whose Power is Eternal, and whose Kingdom is the Kingdom of all Ages! Take me by thy right hand, O Lord, conduct me to thy eternal Glory: Let me esteem all things as nothing in respect of Eternity. Grant, O Lord, that I may so pass thorough things temporal, that I do not finally lose the eternal. Amen.

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CHAP. II.

All things on this side Heaven are inconstant and transitory.

AS Time it self is in a perpetual succession, and mutation being the Companion of Motion; so it fixes this ill condition unto most of those things which pass along in it, the which not only have an end, and that a short one; but even during the shortness of Time which they last, have a thousand changes: And before their ends, many ends; and before their Deaths, many Deaths; each particular change, which our Life suffers, being the Death of some Estate, or part of it: For as Death is the total change of Life, every change is the Death of some part: Sickness is the Death of Health, Sleeping of Waking, Sorrow of Joy, Impatience of Quiet. Youth of Infancy, Age of Youth. The same condition hath the universal World, and all things in it; so that all things which follow Time, and even Time it self at last must dye. All human things, as well intrinsecally, and of their own nature, as by external violences which they suffer, are subject

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to perish; the fairest Flower withers of it self, yet is oftentimes before born away by the Wind, or perishes by some storm of Hail. The most exact Beauties lose their lustre by Age, but are often before blasted by some violent Fever. The strongest and most sumptuous Palaces decay with continuance, if before not ruined by Fire or Earthquake. Cast your Eyes upon those things which Men judge most worthy to endure, and made them to the end they should be Eternal; how many changes and Deaths have they suffered!

Gregory of *Nazianzen* placed the City of *Thebes* in *Egypt*, as the chiefest of those wonders which the old World admired; most of the Houses were of Alabaster Marble spotted with drops of Gold, which made them appear most splendid and magnificent; upon the Walls were many pleasant Gardens; the Gates no fewer than a Hundred, out of which the Prince could draw forth numerous Armies without Noise. *Pomponius Mela* writes, that out of every Port there issued Ten Thousand Armed Men, which in the whole came to be an Army of a Million; yet all this huge multitude could not secure it from a small Ar-

Nazian. *in* Monod. Plin. *Lib.* 36. *c.* 8.

Pomp. Mel. *Lib.* 1. *c.* 9. Evag. *Lib.* 2. *c.* 1.

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my conducted by a Youth, who took and destroyed it.

MARCUS Polus writes that he passed by the City of *Quinsay*, which contained Fourscour Millions of Souls: And *Nicholas de Conti*, passing not many years after by the same way, found the City wholly destroyed, and begun to be newly built after another form. But yet greater than this was the City of *Niniveh*, which was of three days journy; and it's now many Ages since that we know not where it stood. No less stately, but perhaps better fortified was the City of *Babylon*; and that which was the Imperial City of the World, became a desert, and habitation of *Harpies*, *Satyrs* and *Monsters*: And the Walls, which were Two Hundred foot in heighth, and Fifty in Breadth, could not defend it from Time.

Polus *Lib.* 2. *rerum Indic. c.* 68.

IT'S not much that Cities have suffered so many changes, since Monarchies and Empires have done the same; and so often hath the World changed her face, as she hath changed her Monarch and Master. He who had seen the World as it was in the time of the *Assyrians*, would not have known it as it was in the time of the *Persians*; and he who knew it in the time of the *Persians*, would not have judged it for

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for the ſame when the *Greeks* were Maſters; after, in the time of the *Romans*, it appeared with a Face not known before; and he who knew it then, would not know it now; and ſome years hence it will put on another form, being in nothing more like it ſelf than in its perpetual changes. Therefore nothing doth more deſerve our ſcorn and contempt, and more now than ever, ſince it becomes every day worſe, and grows old, and decays with Age; neither is the World only grown worſe in the natural frame of it, but is alſo much defaced in the moral; the Manners of Men have altered it more than the violences and encounters of the Elements.

HOW many *Kingdoms* were overthrown by the covetouſneſs of *Cyrus!* The ambition of *Alexander* did not only deſtroy a great part of the World, but made it put on a clear other Face than it had before. That which Time ſpares, is often ſnatcht away by the covetouſneſs of the Thief; And how many Lives are cut off by revenge, before they arrive unto old Age!

THERE is no ſtability in any thing, and leaſt in Man, who is not only changeable in himſelf, but changes all things beſides.

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ONE day often makes an end of great riches. Many Perſonages of great Honour and Eſteem changing their fortune, become infamous. *Dionyſius* was thruſt from his Throne, from a King of *Sicily* to be a School-Maſter in *Corinth*, and taught Boys: Who could think that from a King he ſhould be neceſſitated to become a School-Maſter! Who would not wonder at the Cozenage of the World, that ſhould ſee him in his Royal Palace with a Scepter in his Hand, compaſſed about with his Servants, and the great ones of his Kingdom, and ſhould after behold him in his School, managing a Rod in the midſt of a number of Boys! *Cræſus* the moſt rich King of *Lydia*, who, being in hope to overthrow the *Perſians*, not only loſt his own Kingdom, but fell into the power of his Enemies, and failed but little of being burnt alive. Particular perſons are not only witneſſes that all human things are Dreams; but Cities, Nations, and Kingdoms; nothing remains like it ſelf: All things preſent are more frail and weak than the Webs of Spiders, and more deceitful than Dreams. From this inconſtancy of human things we may extract a conſtancy for our ſelves; Firſt, By deſpiſing things ſo tranſitory;

Secondly,

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Secondly, By a reſolute hope of an end or change in our adverſity and afflictions, ſince nothing here below is conſtant, but all mutable; and as things ſometimes change from good to evil, ſo they may alſo from evil unto good.

THERE is no confidence to be placed in human proſperity; for neither Kingdom, Empire, nor any greatneſs whatſoever, can ſecure their owners from Ruin and Misfortunes. Behold *Andronicus* cloathed in Purple, adored by Nations, commanding the Eaſt, his Temples enrich'd with a Royal Diadem, the Imperial Scepter in his Hands, and his very Shoes Studded with Oriental Gems: Preſently after he is inſulted over by the baſeſt of his People, buffeted by Women, and pelted with dirt and ſtones in his Imperial City; and Laſtly, They hung him up by the heels betwixt two Pillars, and there left him to dye. This is enough to make us contemn all Temporal goods and human felicity, which not only paſſes away with Time, but often changes into greater misfortunes. What eſteem can that merit which ſtands expoſed to ſo much miſery, which is by ſo much the more ſenſible to the ſufferer, by how much it was leſs expected?

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THE Emperour *Vitellius*, whom the East and West acknowledged to be the Great Monarch of the World, in *Rome* saluted with so glorious Titles, that he seem'd to be all he could desire less than a God; but wherein ended all his Majesty, but in the greatest infelicity and misery that can be imagined? The People having violently seized upon him, tied a Rope about his Neck, and his hands behind him, tore his Garments from his Back, and struck a Dagger under his Chin; they haled him ignominiously up and down the Streets of *Rome*, cast filth in his Face, and reviled him with a Thousand injurious speeches, aud at last killed him in the Market-place; and threw him down the Geminies, where they used to fling the Corps of Malefactors. Folly is all human greatness, since at last it must end, and perhaps in a disasterous and unhappy conclusion.

WHO would have imagined, that *Valerianus* the Emperor, who was mounted upon his brave Courser, trapped with Gold, clad in Purple, Crown'd with the Imperial Diadem, adored by Nations, and commanding over Kingdoms, should be taken Prisoner by the King of *Persia*, be kept inclosed in a Cage like some Wild

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Wild Beaſt, uſed as a Footſtool for the King to get on Horſe-back! But ſuch contrary Fortunes happen in human life, let us not therefore truſt in it; Crowns nor Scepters do not ſecure us from the inconſtancy of changes; and we may better truſt unto the Wind, or to Letters written upon Water, than unto human felicity.

THE changes of Fortune are but exchanges of one condition for another; no man can fall when he is at loweſt; and the loweſt and baſeſt of all things is human felicity, which when it quits us, we fall not, but change it, and perhaps for the better. The Life of Man is a lamentable Tragedy, wherein we obſerve ſuch contrary extreams. I know all human greatneſs is Vanity; therefore I will never grieve for the loſs of that which was nothing, that is not worthy of grief, which deſerves not love; things below, as they merit not my affections when I enjoy them, ſo they ought not to vex and afflict me when I loſe them.

WHAT are Imperial Diadems? What are Thrones and Majeſty? What are Ornaments of Gold and Silver? All are Vanity, and Vanity of Vanities. What were then the *Spectacles* of the *Amphitheater*, the

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the Games of the *Circus*, and the Seignory of the World, but Vanity of Vanities, Universal Vanity? The same would *Crœsus* have preached from the *Flames*; *Bajazet* from his Cage; and *Dionysius* from his School. If we had the Opinion of those Persons which are now Damned, what would they think of Majesty which they enjoyed in this life! Vanity! they will say it has a smoak, a dream, a shadow. Where is now the splendor of the *Consulat*? Where the *Lictors* and their *Fasces*? Where the Crowns and Tapestry? Where the Banquets and Revels? All those things are perished; a boystrous Wind hath blown away the Leaves, and left the naked Trees tottering, and almost pluck'd up by the Roots. Where are the Seven Wonders of the World? Where is *Nero*'s Golden Palace? Where are *Diocletian*'s hot Baths? Where is *Julius* his *Colossus*; or *Pompey*'s *Amphitheatre*? They are all gone, there is no Print of them remaining. And if we consider the greatness of this World, we shall perceive, that by how much it is more glorious, by so much it is more Vain. What greater Majesty, than that of the *Roman Emperor*? Yet scarce was the Election of a *Roman Emperor* known, before he was Murdered:

Amongst

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Amongst Nineteen or Twenty Emperors which passed betwixt *Antoninus* the Philosopher, and *Claudius* the second, not one escaped a violent Death; so as the greatest felicity of the World, was tyed to the greatest Mishap; therefore *Dionysius* to express the Miseries and Infelicities of the Lives of Kings, said, *It was like that of Condemned Persons, which every hour expect Death. O Crown*, said King *Antigonus*, more noble than Happy! *if Men knew how full thou art of Cares and Dangers, no man would take thee up, though he should find thee in the Streets.* And *Constantine* the Great, who was arrived at the height of Human Felicity, said, *His Life was something more Honourable than that of Sheepherds, but much more Troublesome.* There is no felicity upon Earth which carries not its counterpoise of Misfortunes; no Happiness which mounts so high, which is not depressed by some Calamity.

THE Felicity of this Life is but a shadow of true Happiness; for the shadow is not a Body, but a resemblance of a Body: And seeming to be something, is nothing; the inconstancy and speedy change of Human Things deserves this name, because the shadow is always altering, and ends on a sudden: And as the shadow when its at length,

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length, and can increaſe no farther, is neareſt to the end; ſo Temporal Goods, and Human Fortunes, when they are mounted up as high as the Stars, are then neareſt to vaniſh, and diſappear ſuddenly. Thoſe who work in Proſpective, will ſo paint a Room, that the Light entring only through ſome little Hole, you ſhall perceive beautiful and perfect Figures and Shapes; but if you open the Windows, and let in a full light, at moſt you ſhall ſee but ſome imperfect Lines and Shadows; ſo things of this World ſeem great and beautiful unto thoſe who are in darkneſs, and have but little Light of Heaven; but thoſe who injoy the perfect Light of Truth and Faith, find nothing in them of Subſtance.

THE things of this World are not only a ſhadow, but are very deceitful; they promiſe us Goods, and give us Evils; promiſe us Eaſe, and give us Cares; promiſe us Security, and give us Danger; promiſe us great Contents, and give us great Vexations; there is no Felicity upon Earth, no Happineſs which mounts ſo high, which is not depreſſed by ſome low Calamity: It is not needful to attend the end of Life to ſee the impoſture of it; its enough to ſee the alterations whilſt it laſts; be aſſured, that vain is all the great-

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neſs of the Earth, if that of Heaven be not gained by it. Since that all Kingdoms, Empires, Honours and Greatneſs whatſoever, are but a ſhadow, and will preſently vaniſh, and we are here in this World, but as in an Inn, from whence we are ſuddenly to depart; let us take care for our journey, and furniſh our ſelves with proviſion and a *Viaticum* for Eternity; let us cloathe our ſelves with ſuch Garments as we may carry along with us; this may be our comfort, that our Wealth, whether we will or no, may be taken from us; but Eternal Happineſs, unleſs by our fault, cannot; we may be deprived of Honours againſt our Wills, but not of our Vertue, except we conſent: Temporal Goods may periſh, be ſtoln, and loſt many ways; but Spiritual Goods can only be forſaken; and are then only loſt, when we leave them by our Sins; the Roſes of Glory in Heaven do never fade, nor doth Cuſtom dull the lively taſt of thoſe Celeſtial Delights: Let us therefore convey our Riches here through the hands of the Poor in Bills of Exchange, into the Eternity of Glory, where ſuch Money is current; for our good works will follow us. I will therefore preſerve my ſelf in Humility, I will not confide in

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Prosperity, nor presume upon my Virtues, tho' never so great, since every Man is subject to fall into those misfortunes he little thinks of: I will not trust in life, because it may fail whilst the goods of it remain; and will as little trust in them, because they may likewise fail whilst it continues.

Blessed Lord! thou art my Salvation, thou art my Glory, my Aid, and all my Hope is in thee: At thy Right Hand there are Riches, Greatness, and Powers, for ever without end.

CHAP. III.

All Sublunary things are contemptible, and of no value.

THE things of this World, tho' their Vanity, which swells and blows them up, seems to extend and engreaten them; yet they are in themselves contemptible and little; those things which seem to make the greatest noise, are Honour, Fame, and Renown; we shall see how narrow they are: And hear one who was placed in the highest degree of glory and dignity in the whole World,

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world, ſince he was Lord of it, the Emperor *Marcus Antoninus*, who ſpeaks in this manner; Perhaps thou art ſolicitous of Honour; behold how quickly oblivion blots out all things; behold a Chaos of Eternity both before and after.

HOW vain is the noiſe of Fame! How great the inconſtancy and uncertainty of human judgments and opinions! In how narrow a compaſs are all things incloſed! The World is but a point: And of it, how ſmall a corner of it is Inhabited! And who and how many are thoſe in it who are to praiſe thee! He who deſires Fame and Honour after Death, thinks not that he who is to remember him, ſhall ſhortly dye alſo; and in the ſame manner he who is to ſucceed after him, until that all memory which is to be propagated by Mortal Men, be blotted out. But ſuppoſe that thoſe who are to remember thee were immortal; what could it import thee being dead? nay, being alive, What could it profit thee to be praiſed? All that is fair, is fair of it ſelf, and is perfected within it ſelf; and to be praiſed is no part of the beauty.

CONSIDER the Vanity of thoſe Titles which many have aſſumed only to make themſelves known in the World: Let us

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judge how it will fare with us of *Europe*, by those who have taken Titles upon them in *Asia*; for if the Fame of those in *Asia*, arrive not to the knowledge of us in *Europe*, no more shall ours in *Europe* to theirs in *Asia*.

Iarric. *in* Thesau. *Indic.*

THE name of *Echebar*; was thought by his Subjects to be Eternal, and that all the World did not only know but fear him; but ask here in *Europe* who he was, and no man hath heard of him; demand of the most learned, and few shall resolve you that he Reigned in *Mogor*.

HOW few have heard of the name of *Vencatapadino Ragium*? He imagined that there was no man in the World who knew him not; how many can tell me that he was the King of *Narsinga*? If then these Warlike and potent Princes are not known in *Europe*, no more shall *Charles* the Fifth, and many other excellent men in Arms and Literature, which have Flourished in these parts, be known in *Asia* and *Africa*.

IF we reflect upon the truth of those Titles which many arrogate unto themselves, we shall perceive them all to be vain. How many are called *Highness*, and *Excellence*, who are of a base and abject Spirit, and continue in mortal sin, which is

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is the meaneſt and loweſt thing in the World? How many are called *Sereniſſimi*, who have their Underſtanding darkned, and their Will perverted? Others call themſelves *Moſt Magnificent* with as much reaſon as *Nero* might be called *moſt Clement*. The things wherein we have placed Honour, make it moſt ridiculous; ſome think they ſhould be valued and eſteemed, becauſe they are ſtrong; not remembring, that a Bear, a Bull, or a Sumpter Mule is ſtronger than they; ſome becauſe they are richly clad, become mighty proud, and puft up; not being aſham'd to be more eſteem'd for the work of a Mechanick Taylor, than for their vertuous actions; others think to be honoured for their diſhonours, bragging of their Vices; others boaſt of the Nobility of their Blood, without looking upon Vertue, and ſo make that a Vice which was to oblige them to Noble Actions; converting that which was to be their Honour, into infamy; valuing themſelves more for being Noble, than being Vertuous and Juſt.

A Man is no greater, than what he is in the Eyes of God? and the eſtimation which God hath of us, is not for being born in a Palace, but for being Righteous and Juſt: What an Error is it then to

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value our ſelves more for our Human Birth by which we are made Sinners, than for our Divine Birth, by which we are made Juſt? How fooliſh were he, who being the Son of a King, and Bond-woman, ſhould eſteem himſelf more for being the Son of a Slave, than of a Monarch? More Fool is he, who values more the Nobility of his Blood in being a Gentleman, than the Nobility of his Soul in being a Chriſtian. All Honours of the Earth are but ſplendid Vanities; and thoſe who ſeek after them, are like Boys who hunt after Butterflies: Yet many Souls have Periſhed by them: If *David* Curſed the Mountains of *Gelboe*, becauſe *Saul* and *Jonathan* dyed upon them; with much more reaſon may we Curſe the High Mountains of Honour, upon which ſo many Souls have been ſure to periſh.

LET us conſider what Riches are, unto whom *Gregory Mazianzen* did much honour, when he called them a precious Dung; truly in themſelves they are not much better: Gold and Silver, ſaid *Antoninus* the Philoſopher, were nothing elſe than Excrements and Dregs of the Earth; what are Precious Stones, but Shining Pebbles, ſome Red, ſome Green, *&c.* Silk, but the ſlaverings of Worms? And the

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fineſt *Hollands*, and the pureſt Linnen, but Threds of certain Plants? Other Webs of Eſteem, are made of Hair of Beaſts; whereof, if we ſhould meet one in our Meat, would make us loath it; and many in their Cloaths are proud of them: Furs, what are they but the Skins of Contemptible Vermin? Civet, but the ſweat of a Cat near its moſt Noiſom Parts? Amber, but the Uncleanneſs of a Whale; or ſomething which the Sea purges from it, as not worthy to be preſerved? What are Poſſeſſions, Palaces, Cities, Provinces and ſpacious Kingdoms? They are only Toys of men, who though Old, are but Children in Eſteeming ſo much of them. *Lucian* beholding them not from the Imperial Heaven, but from the Sphere of the *Moon*: ſaid, *All* Greece *poſſeſt not above four Fingers: and that* Peloponneſus *was no bigger than a Lentil Seed.* To *Seneca*, the whole Compaſs of the Earth ſeemed but a Point; and all the greatneſs thereof only matter of Sport. Riches were invented for the Eaſe and Commodity of Life; but as Man hath made them, they ſerve for the greateſt Trouble and Vexation; he who hath Wealth, hath moſt Want, becauſe he not only needs for himſelf, but for all which he Poſſeſſeth: So that he

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which hath a great Houſe, hath the ſame Neceſſities that his Houſe hath, which are many: For a great Houſe requires much Furniture, and a large Family: And ſo charges the Maſter with multitudes of Servants, great quantities of Plate, Hangings, and other Ornaments ſuperfluous to uſe, and Human Commodity: Inſomuch, as none are more Poor than the Rich; becauſe they want, not only for themſelves, but for all that is theirs: At leaſt, Riches want not this Incommodity, that altho' they were invented for Human uſe and Eaſe, yet he that hath them in the greateſt abundance, hath the greateſt Cares, Troubles, Dangers, and ever the greateſt Loſſes. Let us therefore while we have time, make over our Riches; let us ſend them before us into another World: Heaven ſtands open to receive them, we need not doubt of ſafe Carriage; the Carriers are very faithful and truſty, they are the poor and needy of this World; we make over unto them here by way of Exchange, a few things of little Value; being to receive in Heaven for them, an exceeding Eternal Weight of Glory.

HOW narrow is the Sphere of all our Pleaſures, which beſides the ſhort time they endure, are mingled with Wormwood of

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of many Pains and Griefs? the Adulterer, How many Troubles and Dangers does he uſually paſs, before he compaſs his deſire? In the enjoying, What Fears, and Suſpicions aſſault him? And when its paſt, (if he thinks ſeriouſly of his Sin) What Remorſe and Repentance afflict him? And oftentimes, How many long Diſeaſes, and ſharp Pains ſucceed that, which laſted but a Moment? The ſeveral ſorts of Guſts, whereof the Touch is capable, exceed not two or three; but the diſtinct ſorts of Pains which afflict it, are without number; the greateſt Pleaſure of the Senſe holds no compariſon with the Grief endured by the Separation of a Member; or the Pain ſuffered by him who hath the Stone, Sciatica, or ſome violent Diſeaſe in Extremity.

WHAT ſhall we ſay of the Royal and Imperial Dignity, which ſeems in Human Judgment to embrace all the Happineſs of the World? Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, all are contained in it; But how ſmall is a Kingdom, ſince the whole Earth, in reſpect of the Heavens, is no bigger than a Point?

LOOK not upon the Crown, but upon the Tempeſt of Cares which accompany it; fix not thy Eyes upon the Purple, but upon the Mind of the King, more ſad and

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dark than the Purple it self: The *Diadem* doth not more encompass his Head, than Cares and Suspicions his Soul; look not at the Squadrons of his Guards, but at the Armies of his Molestations which attend him; for nothing can be so full of Cares, as the Palaces of Kings; but its far otherwise in Heaven, the Palace and House of God, where the Just, without mixture or counterpoise of Misery, are to Enjoy those Eternally.

IF you look upon the so much esteem'd Greatness of this World, the brave Palaces, renowned Cities, large Kingdoms; you may compare them to those little Houses of Sand or Dirt made by Children for their Entertainment, which Men stand by and laught at; and otentimes, if their Parents or Masters find, that it hinders them from learning their Lessons, they strike them down with their Feet, and destroy that in a Moment, which hath cost the Boys much time and labour; so God useth to deal with those, who neglecting his Service, employ themselves in scraping together Riches, enlarging their Possessions, building of Palaces, which he Destroys with that ease, as if they were those little Houses of Sand, made by Children; and certainly, more Children are they, who

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who set their Hearts upon the greatness of this short Life, than those who busie themselves in Walls of Dirt.

ESTEEM none for their Exterior Lustre and Bravery; he must Dye as well as the most poor and unknown Beggar; he must be Buried, and at last appear before the Just Judgment: Wherefore dost thou then value and admire those things which have no Consistence, as if they were to last for ever?

IF you look upon a Table, where you behold Painted, a rich and powerful Man, and a poor contemptible Beggar, you neither Envy the one, nor Despise the other; because your know them to be Shadows, and no Truths: The same Judgment we ought to make of the things themselves; for all are but shadows, and little more than nothing: And as in a Comedy, or Farse, it imports little who plays *Alexander*, and who the *Beggar*, since all are Equal when the Play is done; so are all after Death.

I will therefore from hence learn, Not to admire the Grandeur of this World, nor to desire any thing in it; I have an Inheritance in Heaven which none can take from me; there I have a Mansion not made by the Hands of Men; I will look after

after those Eternal Goods, which by my Faith and Hope I do now Enjoy; they can never be taken from me; for they are the Eternal Inheritance of the Just.

CHAP. IV.

The Vanity of Man.

IF we consider the greatest thing in Nature, which is Man, we shall see how vain, and little he is, being Temporal. What is Man, saith *Seneca?* A frail Vessel, broken with the least Motion; a most weak Body, Naked by Nature, and Unarmed, subject to the Injuries of Fortune; composed of things Infirm, and Fluid; and those very things, without which Man cannot live, as Smell, Taste, Meat and Drink, are Mortal unto him. The Wise *Solon* did not answer more favourably, when they demanded of him, What was Man? *He is*, saith he, *a Corruption in his Birth, a Beast in his Life, and food for Worms when he is Dead.* He does things Evil, which are not Lawful; things Filthy, which are not Decent; things Vain, which are not Expedient: Behold, the Plants and Trees, they produce

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duce Flowers, Haws, and Fruits; Man nothing but Vermin and Worms; they furnish us with Oyl, Wine and Balsom; Man affords nothing but Flegm, and Ordure; those send forth a fragrant Odour; and Man abominable stink: And such is Man even in his Youth, and best time; but if he reach old Age, which is esteemed as a Felicity, his Heart is Afflicted, his Head shakes, his Spirits languish, his Breath smells, his Face wrinkles, his Stature bends, his Eyes wax dim, his Hands tremble, his Hair falls, his Ears grow Deaf: Neither is he more changed in Body, than in Mind: An old Man is easily displeased, hardly pacified, believes quickly, covetous, froward, still complaining, admires what is past, contemns what is present; sighs, grieves, languishes, and is always infirm.

CONSIDER also, wherein Man ends; what thing more Noisome than a Human Carcase? What more Horrible than a Dead Man? He whose Embraces were most acceptable when he was alive, even his sight is troublesome when he is Dead: What do Riches and Honour profit him? They shall not free him from Death, they shall not defend him from the Worms, they shall not take away his Stink and ill Savour; he,

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he, who even now was Seated in a Glorious Throne, is now flung into an obscure Tomb; he who lately Feasted in a Sumptuous *Sata*, is now Feasted upon by Worms in a dark Sepulcher: Wherefore doest thou waxe proud, Dust and Ashes, whose Conception was in Sin, whose Birth in Misery, whose Life in Pain, and whose Death necessity? Wherefore do'st thou swell, and adorn thy Flesh with Precious Things, which in few days is to be Devoured by Worms, and do'st not rather adorn thy Soul with good Works, which is to be Presented in Heaven before God and his Angels?

BESIDES that, Man is a thing so poor and mean, and composed of so base and vile Materials; this vileness and meanness hath no firmness nor consistence, but is a River of Changes, a perpetual Corruption, and a fantasm of Time; his Nature from his Birth, until his Death, is Unstable, Mutable, and Transitory; the more you consider it, the more it flies from you. The Embrion which is framed from Seed, quickly becomes an Infant, from thence a Boy, from thence a Young man, from thence an Old, and then Decrepit; and so the first Age being past and corrupted by new ones which succeed, it comes at last to Dye.

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How ridiculous then are Men to fear one Death, who have already dyed so many, and are yet to dye more? He never remains the same, but in every moment he changes as it were, with various Phantasms in one common Matter; if he be still the same, how comes he to delight in things he did not before? He now loves and abhors after another manner than formerly; he now praises and dispraises other things than he did before; he uses other Words, and is moved with other Affections; he doth not hold the same Form, nor pass the same Judgment he did; and how is it possible, that without change in himself he should thus change in his Motions and Affections? Certainly, he who still changes, is not the same; and he who is not the same, cannot be said to be, but in a continual Mutation slides away like Water: Where shall we then find true Being, but in that only which is Eternal, and knows no Beginning; which is Incorruptible, which is not changed with Time?

MAN is not only thus vile and base whilst he lives, and much more being dead; but even his Soul, whilst it remains in his Body, is not of much greater Esteem; for altho' the Soul be of it self of a most Noble Substance, yet his Vices do so much vilifie

vilifie it, that he makes it more abominable than the Body; and without doubt the Soul, when it is Dead in Mortal Sin, is more Corrupt and Stinking in the sight of the Angels, than a Body Dead eight days ago; for if that Body be full of Worms, this is full of Sins and Vices; and if a Man knew himself well, he would be more affrighted at the Misery of his Soul, than at that of his Flesh.

AMONGST all Evils, Man is the most evil; every Beast hath an evil which is peculiar unto it, but Man is all evils: The Devil dares not approach a just Man, but Man dares despise him: Man is compared to the Beasts of the Field; it's worse to be compared to a Beast, than to be one: For it's no fault to be born an unreasonable Creature; but to be endowed with Reason, and to be compared to a Beast, is a fault of the Will, so as this untamed Passion makes him worse than Beasts.

WHAT sorts of Deaths and Torments hath not human Cruelty found out! What sorts of Poyson hath not the Passion of Man invented! *Orpheus*, *Orus*, *Medisius*, *Hesiodotus*, and other Authors have found out Five hundred several ways of giving Poyson covertly, which have since been (to the calamity of Man) wonderfully encreased

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creaſed; nothing is now ſecure from the Malice of Man, ſince Poyſon hath been given even in the ſhaking of hands, when Men were to be reconciled and made Friends: Only in the ſence of Hearing it hath not yet found a Door to enter; all the reſt of the Senſes it hath maſtered; with the ſmell of a Roſe, with the ſight of a Letter, with the touch of a Thread, with the taſte of a Grape, Death hath found an entrance.

AND as, tho' Man were not miſerable enough by Nature, his very Paſſions muſt contribute to make him wretched and unhappy; the proud Man grieves and conſumes for the Felicity of another; the envious dies to ſee a happy Man live; the covetous Man loſes his Sleep for what he hath no need of; the cholerick Man ruins himſelf for what no ways concerns him: With reaſon did the Prophet ſay; *In vain doth Man trouble himſelf; he troubles himſelf, and before he attains reſt, is overwhelmed; he mounts on high like a tempeſt; and like duſt is ſcattered and diſappears; he is kindled like a flame, and vaniſhes like ſmoak; he ſpreads himſelf as a cloud, and is contracted as a drop.* He is troubled to gain the filth of Riches, and a little Dirt; his are the Troubles, others the Joys; his

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are the Cares, others the Contents; his are the Curſes, others the Reſpect and Reverence. The Life of Man is full of vain labors, of vexatious thoughts, thinking how to obtain what he deſires, and then how to keep it; after how to increaſe it, then how to defend it, and laſtly how to enjoy it; and yet in concluſion all falls to pieces in the handling, and becomes nothing: What labour doth it coſt the poor Spider to weave his Web, paſſing inceſſantly from one part to another, and often returning to the ſame place where he began, conſuming himſelf with the Threds drawn from his proper Entrails for the forming of his Pavilion, which, with many Journies having placed on high, and, at laſt, finiſhed this goodly Artifice, one touch of a Broom defaces, and brings to ground all his labour? Juſt ſuch are the imployments of Man, of much toil, and of little profit; ſpending the moſt part of his time in uſeleſs projects, which, of themſelves, fall to nothing, and, in the end, vaniſh without Effect.

IN vain doth Man trouble himſelf, for he enjoys a Life but lent him; and that but for a ſhort time: Man is but a Debt of Death, which is to be payed without delay. I have conſider'd with tears what

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Man was made of, what he is, and what he ſhall be. He was made of Earth, and conceived in Sin, and Born for Puniſhment. O unhappy condition of Human Nature! O the vanity and deluſions of Man! Thou which glorieſt in the ſtrength of Body, thou which embraceſt the gifts of Fortune, and thinkeſt not thy ſelf her Servant, but her Darling; ſee how thou mighteſt have periſhed even before thou wert, with ſo little a thing as a Snuff of a Candle; and may'ſt yet with a ſmaller matter, prickt with a little Tooth of an Adder; or like *Anacreon* the Poet, choaked with the Stone of a Grape; or like *Fabius* the *Roman* Senator, ſuffocated with a Hair in a draught of Milk. The Life of Man compared to the continuance of the World, is but a moment, and the Worlds continuance is but a moment in reſpect of Eternity.

WITH good Reaſon then is the Life of Man to be valued as nothing; ſince nothing is more frail, nothing more periſhing; and in concluſion is little more than if it had no being at all. Glaſs without violence may laſt long; but the Life of Man ends of it ſelf: Glaſs may with care be preſerved for many Ages; but nothing can preſerve the Life of Man.

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ALL this King *David* well understood, who was the most powerful and happy Prince the *Hebrews* ever had; yet when he consider'd that his Greatness was to have an end, valued it as nothing; and not only esteemed his Kingdoms and Treasures, as Vanity, but even his Life it self; wherefore he says, Ps. 37. *Thou hast put Lord, a measure unto my days, and my substance is as nothing.* All my Kingdoms, all my Trophies, all my Treasures, all which I possess, all is nothing: And presently adds, *doubtless all is Vanity*; all which living Man is, all his whole Life is Vanity, and nothing that belongs to him so frail as himself.

O if we could but frame a true conception of the shortness of this Life, How should we despise the Pleasures of it! This is a matter of such importance, that God commanded the principal of his Prophets that he should go into the Streets and Market-places, and Proclaim aloud, That all Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory of it, as the Flowers of the Field; for as the Grass which is cut in the Morning, withers before Night, and as the Flower is quickly faded; so is the Life of all Flesh: the Beauty and Splendor of it withering in a day: He who shall look upon the frailty of our Flesh, and that every moment of an hour we

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we increaſe and decreaſe without ever remaining in the ſame ſtate; and even what we now ſpeak, dictate, or write, flies away with ſome part of our Life, will not doubt to ſay, his Fleſh is Graſs, and the Glory of it as the Flower of the Field: He that was Yeſterday an Infant, is now a Boy; and will ſuddenly be a Youth, and even until Old age runs changing thorough uncertain conditions of Life, and perceives himſelf firſt to be an Old Man, before he begins to admire that he is not ſtill a Boy. Nay, ſeeing Death ſeizeth upon others, yet he will not believe that it ſhall happen to him; and altho' he hear of it, hourly, yet it appears unto him as a hidden Myſtery, which he cannot underſtand. God therefore commanded his Prophet *Iſaiah*, that he ſhould Proclaim it with a loud Voice, as a thing of great importance, and that it might ſink into the Heart of Man: Receive therefore this truth from God himſelf; *All Fleſh is Graſs*, all Age is ſhort, all Time flies, all Life vaniſhes; and a great multitude of years are but a great nothing.

LET us hear how true this is from thoſe who lived the longeſt, and have had the experience of what it is to live; perhaps thou mayſt promiſe thy ſelf to live a Hundred years, as tho' this were a long Life:

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hearken then unto holy *Job*, who lived Two hundred and forty years, who knew beſt what it was to live; what ſays he of all his years? *My days*, ſaith he, *are nothing*; nothing he calls them, altho' they laſted almoſt three Ages. In other places he ſays, the Life of Man is like the Flower which ſprings up to day, and to morrow is trodden under Foot, and that it flies like a Shadow without ever remaining in the ſame State. How poor a thing then is Life, ſince holy *Job* calls it but a Shadow, tho' then three or four times longer than at preſent! Thoſe who lived more than eight Hundred years, eſteemed their Life but as a Shadow; and in the Inſtant when they died, judged they were ſcarce born. How can we think to live long in a time wherein it is much to make the age of Sixty years! A Life then of Eight hundred years being no more than the flirting up and down of a little Sparrow, the flight of an Arrow, or to ſay better, the paſſage of a Shadow: What then are Fifty years, unto which perhaps thou mayſt attain? Certainly the longeſt term, whereunto human Life extends, was compared by *Homer* but unto the Leaves of the Tree, which at moſt endure but a Summers ſeaſon. *Euripides* judged that too much, and ſaid,

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said, that human Felicity was to be valued but at the length of a day; And *Demetrius Phalerius* allowed it but a moments space. Consider then how vile are all things Temporal, and how frail is all the Glory of the World, being grounded upon so feeble a Foundation: The Goods of the Earth can be no greater than is Life, which give them their value; and if that be so poor and short, what shall they be? What good can be of value which is sustained by a life so contemptible and full of Misery? A figure of this was the Statue of *Nebuchadnezar*, which altho' made of Rich Metal, as of Gold and Silver, yet was founded on Feet of Clay; so as a little Stone falling upon it, overthrew it unto the Earth. All the Greatness and Riches of the World, have for Foundation the Life of him who enjoys them, which is so frail and slippery, that not a little Stone, but even the Grain of a Grape hath been able to ruin and overthrow it.

I SHALL not therefore be ambitious of a Rich *Mausolum* after my Death, for the Repose of my Body; nor do I desire a stately Sepulcher, or beautiful Urn, or that my Name or Actions should be engraven in Marble: I know this, that if I shall be miserable and unhappy hereafter,

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they will be but for my greater ſhame and reproach. Out of this Life I can carry nothing but my good Works; I will not add unto my evil ones that of vain Glory: I will take heed whereon I ſet my Heart; ſince the accompliſhing of what I wiſh, may be a puniſhment of my deſires: If thoſe things of the Earth which I moſt love, and deſire, ſhould continue; if they be taken from me; it's a Chaſtiſement of my Earthly affection, and if I be permitted to enjoy them, I am fearful that they may be the Temporal reward of ſome good work, which may either diminiſh or deprive me of the Eternal.

CHAP. V.

The Miſeries of Temporal Life.

IF Man before he was Born, knew what he was to ſuffer in his Life, he would not be Born at all: Therefore *Silenus* being demanded what was the greateſt Happineſs Man was capable of? Said, Not to be Born, or die quickly. With reaſon did *Democritus* ſay, That the Life of Man was moſt Miſerable, ſince thoſe who ſeek for Good, hardly find it, and Evil comes of it ſelf,

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ſelf, and enters our Gates unſought for: Inſomuch as our Life is always expoſed unto innumerable Dangers, Injuries, Loſſes, and to ſo many Infirmities, that according to *Pliny* and many Phyſicians, *Greeks* and *Arabians*, there were more than Thirty ſeveral ſorts of new Diſeaſes diſcovered in the ſpace of few years: and now every day finds out others, and ſome ſo cruel, that they are not to be named without Horrour; and the Malice of the Diſeaſe is not greater, than many times the Remedies ſtrange. Some have been cured by cauterizing with fire, by ſawing off a Member, by tripanizing the Scull, or drawing Bones from it; others have been cured with the opening of the Belly, and drawing forth the Guts. Above all, the Cure of *Palæologus* the Second, Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, was moſt cruel, whoſe Infirmity after a years continuance, found no other Remedy but to be continually vext and diſpleaſed: His Wife and Servants, who moſt deſired his Health, having no ways to reſtore it, but by diſobedience, ſtill croſſing and oppoſing him in what he moſt deſired: A harſh Cure for a Prince! If Remedies be ſo great Evils, what are the Infirmities? The ſickneſs of *Mecenas* was ſo ſtrange, that he ſlept not, nor cloſed his

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Eyes in three whole years. That of King *Antiochus* was so pestilential, that his loathsome smell infected his whole Army, and his Body flowed with Lice and Vermin. Consider here the end of Majesty, when the greatest Power of Earth cannot defend it self against so Noisom and Contemptible an Enemy. In the same manner *Feretrina* Queen of the *Barœans*, all the Flesh of her Body turned into Maggots and Grubs, which swarming every where, at last consumed her. Some have had Serpents bred in their Arms and Thighs, which have devoured their Flesh even whilst they lived. With reason then does Man enter into the World with Tears, as divining the many Miseries which he shall have time enough to suffer, but not to lament, and therefore begins to weep so early. All the days of Man are full of Grief and Misery.

WHAT shall I say of those strange Pestilential Distempers which have destroyed whole Cities and Provinces? In many places it hath raged with such Fury, as if it meant to extirpate all Mankind: So many Thousands of People have died, that whole Towns and Countries have remained Desert. The Evil hath been many times so great, that Fathers forsook their Children,

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Children, and Women their Husbands. Riches did not preſerve them from dying of Hunger: If they found by chance what to eat, the Fury of the Diſtemper was ſuch, as they often died with the Morſel in their Mouths. To all this is human Life ſubject. Let thoſe therefore who are in health and jollity, fear what may befal them.

FAMIN is no leſs a Miſery of Man's Life, than Peſtilence, which not only particular Perſons, but whole Provinces have often ſuffered: Many times People when they had nothing left them to eat, have fed on Horſes, Dogs, Cats, Rats, Dormice, and other Vermin, when they could lay hold on them; and, when thoſe failed, eat one another: Nay, Fathers ſpared not their Sons, nor Women thoſe whom they brought forth; and many would willingly have pawned their Bowels, to have had wherewith to feed them. What a horrid Proſpect is it to ſee a company of People appearing in the Streets more like unto Ghoſts and Phantoms, than living Men! others ſtretched upon the ground half Dead, and ready to draw the laſt Gaſp! What pity is it to behold Thouſands of Women, Feeble, Pale, and Hunger-ſtarved, charged with a great number of their poor languiſhing Infants, which dried up with Hun-

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Hunger, could not so much as weep or demand succour from their sorrowful and afflicted Mothers: Who could only help them with their compassionate Looks, of which Rivers of Tears which ran from their Eyes, were a sufficient Witness! This is a lamentable Scene of a most miserable Tragedy. All those Miseries which fall not under imagination, are found in the Life of Man.

GREATER than all these Calamities, is that of War, which of the three Scourges of God, wherewith he uses to Chatise Kingdoms, is the most terrible; as well because it is commonly followed by the other two, as for that it brings along with it greater Punishments; and which is worse, greater Sins, whereof Plagues are free, in which all endeavour to be reconciled with God, and even those who are in Health dispose themselves for Death. Famin also, tho' it brings with it some Sins, yet it lessens others; tho' it be accompanied with many Thefts, yet it suits not so much with Pride and Vanity; neither doth it permit so many sorts of Vices as are occasion'd by War.

ABOVE all, the greatest Calamities of Man's Life, are not Pestilence, Famin, or War; but Human Passions not subordi-

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nate to Reason: What did *David* suffer from the Envy of *Saul*? Exile, Hunger, Dangers and War. *Naboth* sooner lost his Life by the Covetousness of *Ahab*, than he could have done by a Plague. *Elias* was more afflicted with the desire of revenge in *Jezabel*, than if he had had the Pestilence: For that made him weary of his Life, and this would but have made him weary of his Disease. What Plagues or Wars were like the Ambition of *Herod*, which destroyed so many thousand Children? What Contagion was more mortal than the Cruelty of *Nero* and other Tyrants, who took away the Lives of so many innocent People to satisfie their Fears or Fancies?

WHO is so happy to content all, and be envied of none? Who is so esteemed, that some do not despise him? Who is so general a well-doer, that no Body complains of him? The *Athenians* found fault with their *Simonides* because he talked too loud. The *Thebans* accused *Pannicutus*, that he Spit too much. The *Carthagineans* spake ill of *Hannibal*, because he went open Brested, with his Stomack bare. Others Laughed at *Julius Cæsar*, because he was ill girt. There is none so upright, in whom Envy will not find something to reprehend.

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SO many are the Miſeries of Life, that they cannot all be numbred. Death, which is thought by ſome the greateſt of Evils, is by many eſteemed a leſſer Evil than Life; the many Evils in *this*, ſurpaſſing the greatneſs of the Evil in *that*; and therefore ſome have conceived its better to ſuffer the greateſt, which is Death, than to ſuffer ſo many, tho' leſſer, which are in Life: For this reaſon one calls Death, the laſt and greateſt Phyſitian; becauſe tho' in it ſelf it be the greateſt Evil, yet it cures all others; and therefore preſcribes the hopes of it, as an efficacious remedy and comfort in the afflictions of Life.

WHAT Security can there be in Life, when the Earth, which is the Mother of the living is unfaithful to them, and ſprouts out Miſeries and Deaths even of whole Cities? What can be ſecure in the World, if the World it ſelf be not, and the moſt ſolid parts of it ſhake? If that which is only immovable and fixt for to ſuſtain the living, tremble with Earthquakes; if what is proper to the Earth, which is to be firm, be unſtable and betray us; where ſhall our Fears find a Refuge? When the Roof of the Houſe ſhakes, we may fly in to the Fields; but when the Earth ſhakes, whither ſhall we go?

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IN time of the Plague we may change places; but from the whole Earth who can fly? And so from dangers; and therefore not to have a remedy, may secure us as a comfort in our Evils; for Fear is foolish without hope. Reason banishes Fear in those who are wise, and in those who are not. Despair of remedy gives a kind of security, at least takes away fear. He that will fear nothing, let him think all things are to be feared. See what slight things indanger us; even those which sustain Life, lay Ambushes for us. Meat and Drink, without which we cannot live, take away our lives. It's no Wisdom therefore to fear Swallowing by an Earthquake, and not to fear the falling of a Tile. In Death all sorts of dyings are equal. What imports it whether one single Stone kills thee, or a whole Mountain oppress thee? Death consists in the Souls leaving of the Body, which often happens by slight Accidents.

WONDERFUL are the ways which Death finds out, and most poor and contemptible those things upon which Life depends; it hangs not upon a Thread, but sometimes upon so small a thing as a Hair. No door is shut to Death, it enters where the Air cannot enter, and encounters us in the very

very action of Life. Small things are able to deprive us of so great a good. A little Grain of a Grape took away the Life of *Anacreon*. The affections of the Soul, and the Pleasures of the Body, become the High-way unto Death. *Homer* died of Grief; And *Sophocles* of an excess of Joy. *Dionysius* was killed with the good News of a Victory which he had obtained. *Aurelianus* died Dancing. *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Titus Etherius*, died in the Act of Lust.

LET no Man assure himself of that Life which hath so many entrances for Death. Let no Man say, I shall not dye to day, for many have thought so, and yet suddenly died that very hour. By so inconsiderable things, as we have said, have many died; and thou mayest die without any of them; for sudded Death, there is no need of a Hair, or excess of Grief, or sudden Joy to surprize thee, it may happen without any of those exterior causes. A corrupt Humour in the Entrails, which flies unto the Heart without any body perceiving it, is sufficient to make an end of thee; and it's to be admired that no more die suddenly considering the disorders of our Life, and the Frailties of our Bodies. We are not of Iron or Brass, but of soft and delicate Flesh. A Clock, tho' of hard Metal, in time

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time wears out, and every hour needs mending: and breaking of one Wheel stops the motions of all the rest. There is more Artifice in a human Body than in a Clock; and it's much more delicate; the Nerves are not of Steel, nor the Veins of Brass, nor the Entrails of Irons; how many have had their Livers or Spleens corrupted or displaced, and have died suddenly! No Man sees what he hath within his Body; and such may his Infirmity be, altho' he thinks, and tells himself well, yet he may die within an hour: Let us all tremble at what may happen!

BUT Christians, in all the Miseries and dangers of human Life, have great comforts to lay hold on; which are, a good Conscience, hope of Glory, conformity unto the Divine Will, and the imitation and Example of Jesus Christ; from these Four he shall in Life have Happiness, in Death security, in both Comfort, and in Eternity a Reward.

WE may draw from what hath been said, how unjust was the Complaint of *Theophrastus*, That Nature hath given a longer Life unto many Birds and Beasts, than unto Man. If our Life were less troublesome, he had some Reason; but it being so fraught with Miseries, he might rather

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ther think that Life the happieſt, which was ſhorteſt: Wherefore its better to die Young, and die well than to die Old, and die ill. This Voyage being of neceſſity, the Felicity of it conſiſts not in being long, but being proſperous, and that at the laſt we arrive in the deſired Port. Therefore ſuppoſing ſo many Miſeries, we cannot complain of God for having given us a ſhort Life, but of our ſelves for having made it a bad one: Our Life being compaſſed with ſo many Miſeries, as that Death ſeems rather a ſhelter for Evils, than a Puniſhment, God was pleaſed that it ſhould be ſhort, that the Vexations and Misfortunes of it, which cannot be counterpoiſed with any joys of the Earth, might be more ſupportable: At leaſt, if this Life, with ſo many Miſeries, do not diſpleaſe us, yet let the Eternal with all its Felicities content us better; and let us not endeavour leſs for the Immortal Life in Heaven, than we do for this Mortal on Earth. Let us keep always in mind the years of Eternity; ſo whatſoever adverſity or affliction happen, we ſhall more eaſily bear it, 2 Cor. 4. 17. *For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and Eternal Weight of glory.*

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THEREFORE if the World frown upon me, if I meet with many troubles and afflictions, if Misfortunes befal me; if they rush upon me like Waves, one on the Neck of another; if I be tossed up and down; then these be my daily thoughts; Well, let the World have its course, I am content to bear it, Gods Will be done; let the Sea be troubled, let the Waves thereof Roar, let the Winds of Afflictions blow, let the Waters of Sorrows rush upon me, let the Darkness of Grief and Heaviness compass me about, yet will I not be afraid; these Storms will blow over, these Winds will be laid, these Waves will fall, this Tempest cannot last long, and these Clouds shall be dispelled: Whatsoever I suffer here shall shortly have an end, I shall not suffer Eternally; come the worst that can come, Death will put an end to all my Sorrows and Miseries; *Domine da mihi modo patientiam, & postea indulgentiam*; Lord grant me patience here, and ease hereafter. I will suffer patiently whatever can happen, and shall endeavour to do nothing against my Conscience, and displeasing unto thee; for all is safe and sure with him, who is certain and sure of Blessed Eternity.

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CHAP. VI.

The end of Temporal Life.

IF the end of Life ſhould fall under our election, and that it were in the power of a Man to make choice how many years he would continue in Life, and after what manner he would have it, and that it might conclude ſome other way than by Death, yet the conſideration that it, and all things Temporal were to periſh, and at laſt to have an end, were ſufficient to make us deſpiſe it; and that very thought would drown all the Pleaſures and contents which it could afford us: For as all things are of greater and leſſer eſteem according to the length and ſhortneſs of their duration; ſo Life being to end, be it in what manner ſoever, is much to be diſvalued. A fair Veſſel of Chryſtal, if it were as conſiſtent and durable as Gold, were more precious than Gold it ſelf; but being frail, and ſubject to break, it loſes its eſtimation; and altho' of it ſelf it might laſt long, yet being capable by ſome careleſs Miſchance of being broken, it becomes of much leſs value. In the ſame manner our Life, which is much more frail than Glaſs,

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Glaſs, being ſubject to periſh by a thouſand accidents; and tho' none of them ſhould happen, could not long continue; ſince it conſumes it ſelf, it muſt needs together with thoſe Temporal Goods, which attend it, be moſt contemptible: But conſidering that the ending of it is by the way of Death, Infirmities and Misfortunes which are the Harbingers, and prepare the way for Death, it's to be admired, that Man, who knows he is to die, makes an account of Temporal Felicity, ſeeing the Miſery in which the Proſperity of this World, and the Majeſty of the greateſt Monarchs, are at laſt to finiſh.

LET us conſider King *Antiochus*, Lord of ſo many Provinces, in all his Pomp and Glory, glittering in Gold, and dazling the Eyes of the Beholders with the ſplendor of his Diamonds and precious Jewels, mounted upon a ſtately Courſer, Commanding over Numerous Armies, and making the very Earth tremble under him; let us then behold him in his Bed pale and wan, his Strength and Spirit ſpent, his loathſome Body flowing with Worms and Corruption; forſaken by his own People by reaſon of his Poyſonous ſtink, which infected his whole Camp, and finally dying Mad, and in Rage; Who, ſeeing ſuch a

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Death, would wish the Felicity of his Life? Who, with the condition of his Misery would desire his Fortune? See then wherein the Goods of this Life conclude.

WHO could have known *Cæsar*, who had first seen him Triumph over the conquer'd World, and then behold him gasping for a little breath, and weltring in his own Blood, which flowed from Twenty three Wounds, opened by so many stabs?

WHO could believe it was the same *Cyrus*, he who subdued the *Medes*, conquered the *Assyrian* and *Chaldean* Empire? he who amazed the World with Thirty years success of continued Victories, now taken Prisoner, and put to an Ignominious Death, by the command of a Woman?

WHO could think it were the same *Alexander*, who, in so short a time, subjugated the *Persians*, *Indians*, and the best part of the known World, and should after behold him Conquer'd by a *Calenture*, feeble, exhausted in Body, dejected in Spirit, dried up, and parched with thirst, without tast in his Mouth, or content in his Life; his Eyes sunk, his Nose sharp, his Tongue cleaving to his Pallat, not being able to pronounce one Word? What amazement is it, that the heat of a poor Fever should consume the mightiest Power and Fortune of

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of the World? And that the greatest of Temporal and Human Prosperities should be drowned by the overflowing of one Irregular and Inordinate Humour! How great a Monster is Human Life, since it consists of so disproportionable Parts; the uncertain Felicity of our whole Life, ending in a most certain Misery!

WHO would Marry a Woman, tho' of a Comely and well proportionate Body, who had the Head of an ugly Dragon? Certainly altho' she had a great Dowry, none would covet such a Bed-fellow. Wherefore do we Wed our selves unto this Life, which altho' it seems to carry along with it much content and happiness, yet it is in effect no less a Monster, since tho' the Body appear unto us Beautiful and Pleasant, yet the End of it is horrible and full of Misery.

LET no Man flatter himself with the vigor of his Health, with the abundance of his Riches, with the splendor of his Authority, with the greatness of his Fortune; for by how much he is more Fortunate, by so much shall he be more Miserable, since his whole Life is to end in Misery.

LET no Man be deceived in beholding the prosperity of a Rich Man; let him not measure his Felicity by what he sees at

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preſent, but by the end, wherein he ſhall conclude, not by the ſumptuouſneſs of his Palaces, nor by the Multitude of his Servants, nor by the bravery of his Apparel, nor by the Luſtre of his Dignity, but let him expect the end of that which he ſo much admires, and he ſhall then perceive him at beſt to die in his Bed, dejected, diſmayed, and ſtrugling with the pangs and anxieties of Death; if he comes ſo off, it's well; otherwiſe the Daggers of his Enemy, the Teeth of ſome wild Beaſt, or a Tile thrown down upon his Head by ſome violent Wind, may ſerve to make an end of him, when he leaſt thinks of it. O how great a madneſs is it to Glory in any thing on this ſide Heaven! The Eſtate of the moſt powerful is ſubject to moſt impetuous Storms, whoſe end is to be ſunk and overthrown, O how wavering and uncertain is the height of the greateſt Honour! Falſe is the hope of Man, and vain is all his Glory! O uncertain Life, due unto perpetual Toyl and Labour! What doth it now profit thee to have raiſed ſo many coſtly Palaces of Marble, when thou now muſt die? O how many things doſt thou now think of doing, not knowing the bitterneſs of their end; Thou beholdeſt thy Friend now dying; and know,

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know, that thou also shalt quickly follow him.

LET us forbear to look upon those several kinds of Death which are incident to Human Nature: Let us consider that which is esteemed the most happy; when we dye not suddenly, or by violence, but by some infirmity, which leisurely makes an end of us; or by a pure Resolution, which naturally brings Death along with it. What greater misery of Mans Life than this, That Death should be accounted Happy, not that it is so, but because its less miserable than others? For what Grief and Sorrow doth not he pass, who dyes in this manner? How do the accidents of his Infirmities afflict him? The heat of his Fever, which scorches his Entrails; the Thirst of his Mouth, which suffers him not to speak; the pain of his Head, which hinders his attention; the sadness of his Heart proceeding from the apprehension that he is to dye; besides other grievous Accidents, which are usually more in number than a Human Body hath Members to suffer; together with Remedies which are no less painful than the Evils themselves. To this add the uncertainty whither he is to go, to Heaven or Hell: What news can be more terrible unto a sinner, than that

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he is to dye, and to leave all his Pleasure in Death, and to give an account unto God for his Life past? If Lots were to be cast, Whether one should have his Flesh pluckt off with burning Pincers, or be made a King; with what Fear and Anxiety of mind would that Man expect the issue? How then shall he look, who in the agony of his Death wrestles with Eternity, and within two hours space looks for Glory or Torments without end? What Life can be counted Happy, if that be Happy which ends with so much misery? If we will not believe this, let us ask him who is now passing the Terrors of Death, what his opinion of Life is; let us now enquire of him when he lies with his Breast sticking forth, his Eyes sunk, his Feet dead, his Knees cold, his Visage pale, his Pulses without motion; What will this Man say his Life was, but by how much the more prosperous, by so much more vain; and that all his Felicity was false and deceitful, since it came to conclude in such a period? What would he now take for all the Honours of this World? Certainly I believe he would part with them at an easie rate: Nay, if they have been offensive to God Almighty, he would give all in his power he never had enjoyed them.

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HE who unto the hour of his Death hath enjoyed all the Delights the World can give him, at that hour what remains with him? Nothing; or if any thing, a greater Grief. Conſider of how little ſubſtance all Temporal things will appear, when thou ſhalt be in the light Eternal: The Honours which they have given thee, ſhall be no more thine; the Pleaſures wherein thou haſt delighted, can be no more thine; thy Riches are to be anothers. See then, whether the Happineſs of this Life, which is not ſo long as Life it ſelf, be of that value, that for it we ſhould part with Eternal Felicity.

I beſeech thee ponder what is Life, and what is Death: Life is the paſſing of a ſhadow, ſhort, troubleſome, and dangerous; a place which God hath given us in time for the deſiring of Eternity.

CONSIDER why God leads us about in the circuit of this Life, when he might at the firſt inſtant have placed us in Heaven: Was it that we ſhould ſpend our time idlely, and daily invent new Chimera's of vain and frivolous Honours? No certainly, it was not, but that by virtuous Actions we might gain Heaven ſhew what we owe unto our Creator, and in the midſt of the troubles and affliction of this Life,

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Life, discover how Loyal and Faithful we are unto our God: For this he placed us in the Lists, that we should take his part, and defend his Honour: For this he entred us into this Milita and Warfare (for the Life of Man is a Warfare upon Earth) that here we might fight for him, and in the midst of his and our Enemies, shew how true and faithful we are to him. Were it fit that a Soldier in the time of Battle should stand Disarmed, passing away his time at Dice upon a Drum head? This doth he who seeks his ease in this Life, and sets his Affections upon things of the Earth, not endeavouring those of Heaven, nor thinking upon Death where he is to end.

A Peregrination is this Life; and what Passenger is so besotted with the Pleasures of the way, that he forgets the place whither he is to go? How comest thou then to forget Death, whither thou Travellest with speed, and canst not, tho' thou desirest, rest one small minute by the Way? for Time, altho' against thy will, will draw thee along with it: The way of this Life is not voluntary, like that of Travellers; but necessary, like that of condemned Persons, from the Prison unto the place of Execution: To Death thou standest

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standest Condemned, whither thou art now going; How canst thou Laugh?

A Malefactor, after Sentence past, is surprized with the apprehension of Death, that he thinks of nothing but dying: We are all condemned to die; How come we then to rejoyce in these things which we are to leave so suddenly?

DEATH is compared unto a Thief; who not only Robs us of our Treasure and Substance, but bereaves us of our Lives: Since therefore thou art to leave all, Why doest thou load thy self in vain? What Merchant, knowing that so soon as he arrived unto the Port, his Ship and Goods should be sunk, would charge his Vessel with much Merchandise? Arriving at Death, thou and all thou hast, are to sink and perish; Why dost thou then burthen thy self with that which is not needful, but rather an hindrance to thy Salvation?

THIS is the Sallery which the Goods of the Earth bestow on those who serve them, that if they do not leave or ruin them before their Death, they are then certain at least to leave them, and often hazard the Salvation of those that dote upon them. O vain Man! this short Life is bestowed upon thee for gaining the Goods of Heaven, which are to last Eternally;

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nally; and you ſpend it in ſeeking thoſe of the Earth which are to periſh inſtantly.

BESIDES all this, tho' one ſhould dye the moſt happy Death that can be imagined, yet behold the dead Body, how ugly and Noiſom doth the miſerable Carkaſs remain, that even Friends fly from it, and ſcarce dare ſtay one Night alone with it! The neareſt and moſt obliged Kindred, procure it in all haſt to be carried forth a Doors; and having wrapt it in ſome courſe Sheet, throw it into the Grave, and within two days forget it: And he who in Life could not be contained in great and ſumptuous Palaces, is now content with the narrow lodging of ſeven Foot of Earth; he who uſed to lodge in Rick and dainty Beds, hath for his Couch the hard Ground; for his Mattreſs Moths; and for his Covering Worms; his Pillows at beſt the Bones of other dead Perſons; then heaping upon him a little Earth, and perhaps a Grave-ſtone, they leave his Fleſh to be feaſted upon by Worms, whilſt his Heirs triumph in his Riches.

HE who gloried in the exerciſe of Arms, and was uſed to revel at Balls, is now ſtiff and cold, his Hands and Feet without motion, and all his Senſes without Life: He who with his Power and Pride tram-

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pled upon all, is now trod under Foot by all; conſider him eight days dead, drawn from his Grave, how gaſtly and horrible a Spectacle he will appear! Behold then what thou pampereſt, a Body which perhaps within four days may be eaten by loathſome Vermin! Whereon doſt thou found thy vain pretenſions, which are but Caſtles in the Air, founded upon a little Earth, which turning into Duſt, the whole Fabrick falls to the ground? See where all Human greatneſs concludes; and that the end of Man is no leſs loathſome and miſerable than his beginning.

THE Memory of the loathſomneſs of a dead Body, may ſerve to make us to deſpiſe the Beauty of that which is living; therefore if at any time thou ſhalt be ſurpriſed with the Temptation of the frail Beauty of the Fleſh, ſend thy Thoughts preſently unto the Sepulchre of the Dead, and let them there ſee what they can find agreeable to the Touch, or pleaſing to the ſight. Conſider that Duſt and dry Aſhes were once ſoft and lively Fleſh, and in its Youth was ſubject to the like Paſſions as thou art. Conſider thoſe rigid Nerves, thoſe naked Teeth, the disjoynted diſpoſition of the Bones and Arteries, and that horrible diſſipation of the whole Body; by this means

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means thou mayeſt take from thy Heart thoſe vain deceits and illuſions.

ALL this is certainly to happen unto thy ſelf: Wherefore doſt thou not amend thy Evil conditions? this is to be thy end; unto this therefore direct thy Life and Actions. With reaſon had the *Brachmans* their Sepulchres ſtill placed open before their Doors, that by the memory of Death they might learn to live. Wiſdom is the meditation of Death; therefore ever have in thy thoughts that Meditation, *Remember thou art to die.*

THEREFORE whatſoever miſery or affliction ſhall fall upon thee, ſay, *By the Divine aſſiſtance I will bear it patiently: Lord, Jeſus ſtand by me and comfort me: Lord Jeſu be preſent with thy ſervant that putteth his truſt in thee; receive my Spirit, and lead me through the valley and ſhadow of Death; lead me and forſake me not, until thou haſt brought my Soul into the Land of the Living, O thou which art my Light, Life, and Salvation.*

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

Of Death, and the certainty of it.

BESIDES the Misery wherein all the Felicity of this World is to determin, there are other considerations of the end of our Life to be considered; by which we may perceive how vain and contemptible are all the Goods of it. We will principally speak of three.

1. THAT Death is most certain, and no ways to be avoided.

2. THAT the Time is most uncertain, because we know not neither when, or how it will happen.

3. THAT it's but only one, and but once to be experienced; so that we cannot by a second Death correct the Errors of the first.

CONCERNING the certainty of death, it imports us much to perswade our selves of it; for as it is infallible that the other Life shall be without end; so it is as certain that this shall have it. God hath not made a Law more inviolable than that of Death; thou art to die, assure thy self of that: An irrevocable Law is this; and without remedy thou must die. I pray tell me where

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where is *Adam* now? Where is *Cain?* Where is long lived *Methuſaleh?* Where is *Noah?* Where is *Sem?* Where is *Abraham?* Where is *Jacob?* They are dead and gone, their Time is paſt; we may ſay of them, *vixerunt, fuerunt Troes*; once they were, now they are not: And be aſſured, that *Mortuus eſt* ſhall be every mans Epitaph, for we muſt needs dye, and are as Water ſpilt upon the ground, 2 *Sam.* 14. 14.

THE time will come, when thoſe eyes, with which thou readeſt this, ſhall be burſt, and loſe their Sight; thoſe Hands which thou now employeſt, be without Senſe or Motion: this Mouth which now diſcourſes, ſhall be mute without Breath or Spirit; and this Fleſh which thou now pampereſt, ſhall be conſumed and eaten by Worms and Vermin; the time will come, when thou ſhalt be covered with Earth, thy Body ſtink and rot; the time will come, when thou ſhalt be forgotten as if thou never hadſt been; and thoſe that paſs, ſhall walk over thee without remembring that ſuch a Man was born. Conſider this, and perſwade thy ſelf that thou muſt dye as well as others; that which hath happened to ſo many, muſt happen alſo to thee; think upon this ſeriouſly, and reflect with thy ſelf ſoberly, how thou ſhalt look, when

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when thou art dead; and this consideration will give thee a great knowledge what thy Life is, and make thee despise the Pleasures of it.

IF Death were only contingent, and not certain, yet because it might happen, it ought to make us very careful and solicitous. If God should say, that only one of all those in the World should dye, but did not declare who that one were, yet all would fear; why then doest thou not now fear, when all Men must infallibly dye, and perhaps thou the first?

NOW is the Bow drawn; now the Arrow let loose, and already in the way to hit thee; why dost thou strive to shun it, and dost not rather humble and prepare thy self to receive it? If one should tell thee, that a whole Train of Artillery were immediately to be discharged at thee, and no way left to avoid the strokes; How wouldst thou be amazed? But if thou perceivest that Fire were already given, the very Noise perhaps would kill thee; know then, that the Artillery of Death with much more Fury is already shot, and there is no quarter of an hour wherein it flies not more than ten Millions of Leagues to overtake thee; and yet from whence it parted, and where it now is, thou know-

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eſt not: Wert thou certain it were far off, yet it runs with ſo precipitate a courſe, that it will not fail in a ſhort time to reach thee. Therefore thou being ignorant at what diſtance it is, thou oughteſt every moment to expect it, ſince every moment it may be with thee.

LET every Man therefore ſay within himſelf; It's I who am to dye and reſolve into Duſt; I have nothing to do with this World; the other was made for me, and I am only to care for that; in this I am only a Paſſenger, and am therefore to look upon the Eternal, whither I am going, and am there to make my abode for ever. Certain it is, that Death will come and hurry thee along with him; all the buſineſs therefore I have now, is to diſpoſe my ſelf for ſo hard an encounter; and ſince it's not in the power of Man to free me from it, I will only ſerve the Lord, who is able to ſave me in ſo certain and eminent a danger.

2. As it's moſt certain that we are to dye, ſo it's moſt uncertain when, or in what manner we ſhall dye: Who knows whether he is to dye in his Old age, or in his Youth; if by ſickneſs, or ſtruck by a Thunderbolt; if a year hence, or to day? The doors of Death are ever open; and the Enemy

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Enemy continually lies in Ambuſh, and when we leaſt think of him, will Aſſault us.

HE who ſuſpected that Thieves were to enter his Houſe, would walk all Night, becauſe they ſhould find him at no hour unprovided; it being then not a ſuſpicion, but an apparent certainty that Death will come, and we know not when, why do we not always watch? We are in a continual danger, and therefore ought to be continually prepared: It's good ever to have our accounts made with God; ſince we know not but he may call us in ſuch haſt, as we ſhall have no time to perfect them, it's good to play a ſure Game, and be ever in the grace of God.

WHO would not tremble to hang over ſome vaſt Precipice, wherein if he fell, he were certain to be daſhed in a Thouſand pieces, and that by ſo weak a ſupporter as a Thread? This, or in Truth much greater is the danger of him, who is in Mortal ſin, who hangs over Hell by the Thread of Life, a Twiſt ſo delicate, that not a Knife, but the Wind, and the leaſt fit of ſickneſs breaks it: Wonderful is the danger where he ſtands, who continues but one Minute in Mortal ſin. Death hath time enough to ſhoot his Arrow; the

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ſpeaking of a Word, the twinkling of an Eye ſuffices: Who can be pleaſed whilſt he ſtands naked and diſarmed in the midſt of his Enemies? Amongſt as many Enemies is Man, as there are ways to Death, which are innumerable. It's not then ſafe for Man to be Diſarmed and naked of the Grace of God in the midſt of ſo many Adverſaries and dangers of Death, which hourly threaten him: What perſon being led to Execution, would entertain himſelf by the way with vain conceits? We are condemned Perſons, who are going to Execution, tho' by different ways, which we our ſelves know not, ſome the ſtraight way, and ſome by By-paths, but are all ſure to meet in Death; we ought therefore ſtill to be prepared, and free from the diſtracting Pleaſures of this Life, for fear we fall ſuddenly; this danger of ſudden Death is ſufficient to make us diſtaſt all the delights of the Earth.

DEATH is therefore uncertain, that thou ſhouldeſt be ever certain to deſpiſe this Life, and diſpoſe thy ſelf for the other; thou art every hour in danger of Death, to the end, that thou ſhouldeſt be every hour prepared to have Life: What is Death but the way unto Eternity? A great Journy thou haſt to make; where-

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fore dost thou not provide in time? And the rather, because thou knowest not how soon thou mayest be forced to depart? Who is there who does not desire to have served God faithfully two years before Death should take him? If then thou art not sure of one, why dost thou not begin? Trust not in thy Health or Youth, for Death steals treacherously upon us, when we least look for it; promise not thy self to Morrow, for thou knowest not whether Death will come to Night.

SINCE then thou knowest not when thou art to dye, think thou must dye to day; and be ever prepared for that which may ever happen; trust in the mercies of God, and implore them incessantly; but presume not to defer thy conversion for a moment; for who knows whether thou shalt ever from henceforward have time to call upon him! And having called upon him, whether thou shalt be heard! To what purpose defer we that until to Morrow, which imports so much to be done to Day, and perhaps will not be to Morrow if not to Day? It was a very good answer that *Messodamus* gave one, inviting him to a Feast the next day; My friend, saith he, why dost thou invite me against to Morrow? I durst not for these many years

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ſecure my ſelf that I ſhould live one day; for I have expected Death every hour. No Man is ſufficiently Armed againſt Death, unleſs he be always prepared to entertain it.

3. TO this uncertainty of Death is to be added that of being only one, and only once to be tried; ſo as the Error of dying ill, cannot be amended by dying well another time. God gave unto Man his Senſes and other parts of his Body double; he gave him two Eyes, that if one failed, he might ſerve himſelf of the other; he gave him two Hands, that if one were loſt, yet he might not wholly be diſabled; but of Deaths he gave but one; and if that one miſcarry, all is ruin'd. A terrible caſe, that the thing which moſt imports us, which is to Dye, hath neither Trial, Experience, or Remedy; it's but only once to be acted, and that in an inſtant, and upon that inſtant all Eternity depends, in which if we fail, the Error is never to be amended.

IF an ignorant Peſant, who had never drawn a Bow, ſhould be commanded to ſhoot at a Mark far diſtant, upon condition that if he hit it, he ſhould be highly rewardly with many rich Gifts; but if he miſt it, and that at the firſt ſhoot, he ſhould be

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be burnt alive; in what ſtreights would this poor Man find himſelf! How perplexed that he ſhould be forced upon a thing of that difficulty wherein he had no skill, and that the failing ſhould coſt him ſo dear as his Life; but eſpecially that it was to be only once to be eſſayed, without poſſibility of repairing the firſt fault, by a ſecond trial! This is our caſe: I know not how we are ſo pleaſant; we have never dyed, we have no experience or skill in a thing of ſo great difficulty; we are only once to dye, and in that all is at ſtake; either Eternity of Torments in Hell, or of Happineſs in Heaven: How live we then ſo careleſs of dying well; ſince for it we were born, and are but once to try it? This action is the moſt important of all our Life; upon it depends Eternity; and if miſt, without repair or amendment: Theſe human Actions which my be repaired, if one miſs, the other may hit; and that which is loſt in one way, may be regained in another: If a rich Merchant had this year a Ship ſunk in the Ocean, another may arrive Loaden with ſuch Riches as may recompence the loſs of the former; but if we once fail in Death, the loſs is never to be repaired.

THAT which is but only one, is worthy

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of more care and esteem, because the loss of it is irreparable; let us then value the time of this Life, since there is no other given wherein to gain Eternity.

A certain Soldier being called in question by *Lamachus* a Centurion, for some Misdemeanor or other committed in the Camp, earnestly desired pardon for that once, and promised never to offend in the like again. But the *Centurion* made him this answer; *In bello, bone vir, non licebit bis peccare*- O Sir! Know you thus much, there is no offending in War twice. But in Death (alas) there is no offending once; there is no hope of Pardon? once Dead and always Dead; he that Dyes once ill, is Damned for ever; there is no returning again to rise to amend what is done amiss; as Death leaves a Man so Judgment finds his! and as Judgment leaves him, so Eternity findeth him.

IF a Man were obliged to leap some great and desperate Leap, upon condition that if he performed it well, he should be made Master of a Wealthy Kingdom, but if ill, he should be chained to an Oar, and made a perpetual Galley-slave; without doubt this Man would use much diligence in preparing himself for so hazardous an undertaking, and would often

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practise before an Action of so great consequence, from which he expected so different Fortunes. How far more different are those which we expect from so great a Leap as is from Life to Death; since the Kingdoms of the Earth compared with that of Heaven, are Trash, Rubbish; and the tugging at an Oar in the Gallies, compared with Hell, a Glory! When the Leap is great and dangerous, he who is to leap it, uses to fetch his career backwards, that he may leap further, and with greater force: We therefore knowing the danger of the Leap from Life to Death, that we may perform it better, ought to fetch our career far back, even from the beginning of our short Life, and from our first use of reason, from which we shall know, that the Life we live is Mortal, that at the end of it we have a great Debt to pay, and that we are to discharge both Use and Principal when we least think of it.

IT was the saying of *Iphicrates*, That it's a shame for an Emperour at any time to say with the Fool, *Non putaram*, I did not think it; but it's a greater shame for a Christian Man to say, *Non putaram*, I did not think there had been such a difference between a godly and wicked Life. I did not think Eternity was to follow after this

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this Life; I did not think I ſhould have died ſo ſuddenly.

LET us therefore husband Time in which we may gain Eternity, which being once loſt, we ſhall loſe both the time of this Life, and the Eternity, of the other. How many Millions are now in Hell, who whilſt they were in this World deſpiſed Time, and would now be content to ſuffer Thouſands of Years, all the Torments of the damned, for the Redemption of one inſtant in which they might by Repentance recover the Eternal Life of glory, which is now loſt without remedy? And yet thou caſteſt away not only inſtants, but hours, days and years: Conſider what a damned Perſon would give for ſome part of that Time which thou loſeſt; and take heed that thou hereafter, when there ſhall be no repair of that Time which thou now ſo vainly miſ-ſpendeſt, be not thy ſelf in the ſame Grief and Bitterneſs.

WE are now upon the Stage, therefore we may act on our part; we have to deal with potent Enemies, therefore we muſt be always prepared to fight; we are ſtill in our race, therefore we muſt hold out to the laſt; let us then ſo Act our parts, that the Angels may rejoyce to be Spectators, let us ſo fight, that we may win

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win the Crown; let us ſo run, that we may obtain.

CONSIDER how by Time thou may'ſt gain Eternity: Look not then upon the loſs of it, as upon the loſs of time, but of Eternity; endeavour then whilſt it laſts, to get a good Bargain; for this Life once paſt, there is no more occaſion for Traffick; the time appointed for ſtoring up is but ſhort; but the gain and profit is Eternal: Therefore leave the cares of this World, and elevate your whole Heart and Affections unto Heaven, and there place your Thoughts, which are to be upright and ſetled in God Almighty.

I know, O Lord, I am here but as a Sojourner in a ſtrange Land, and not as a Citizen in my own Country. I am here but a Tenant at will, and muſt ſhortly depart; for here I have no continuing City; but I muſt ſeek one to come, Eternal in the Heaven; where I ſhall bear a part in the Heavenly Quire with Angels, evermore praiſing thy Holy Name; there I ſhall behold light incomprehenſible; where I ſhall be in no fear of Death; farewel then all the World, and all the things in it; *Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done*; and welcome to me, thou art welcome Eternally, O Beloved, Eternally thou art vvelcame; *Heb.* 13. 14. *Pſal.* 84. 4.

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come; now I am bleſſed, O Lord, for I ſhall dwell in thy Houſe, and ſhall ſtill be praiſing thee.

CHAP. VIII.

Of that Moment wherein we are to dye, and Life to end.

WE ought ſeriouſly to conſider all which is to paſs in that moment of Death, for which the time of this Life was only beſtowed upon us; and upon which depends the Eternity of the other. O moſt dreadful Point, which art the end of Time, and the beginning of Eternity! O moſt fearful inſtant, which ſhutteſt up the prefixed term of Life, and determines the buſineſs of our Salvation! How many things are to paſs in thee? In the ſame inſtant Life is to finiſh, all our works to be examined; and that Sentence given, which is to be Executed for all Eternity: O laſt Moment of Life! O firſt of Eternity! How terrible is the thought of thee, ſince in thee, not only Life is to be loſt, but to be accounted for; and we then to enter into a Region which we know not; in that moment I ſhall ceaſe to live, in that moment

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ment I ſhall behold my Judge, who ſhall lay all my Sins open before me, with all their weight, number and enormity. In it I ſhall receive a ſtrict charge of all the Divine benefits beſtowed upon me; and in it a Judgment ſhall paſs upon me either for my Salvation or Damnation Eternal! How wonderful is it, that for ſo many matters, and of ſo great importance, there is no more time allotted than the ſpace of an inſtant; no place left for reply, interceſſion of Friends, or appeal! O fearful Moment upon which ſo much depends! Admirable is the high Wiſdom of God, which hath placed a Point in the midſt betwixt Time and Eternity, unto which all the time of this Life is to relate; and upon which the whole Eternity of the other is to depend! O Moment, which art neither Time or Eternity, but art the Horizon of both, and divideſt things Temporal from Eternal! O narrow Moment! O moſt dilated Point! wherein ſo many things are to be concluded, and ſo ſtrict an account is to be given, and where ſo rigorous a Sentence is to be pronounced, is ever to ſtand in force! A ſtrange Caſe, that a buſineſs of Eternity is to be reſolved in a Moment, and no place allowed for the Interceſſion of Friends, or our own diligence!

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Apocal. ch. 20. IT will be then in vain to make any addreſſes or Application; there is none will interceed for thee, nor can give thee Abſolution; the rigor of the Judge in that Inſtant wherein thou expireſt, will allow no farther Mercy, St. *John* ſays, that Heaven and Earth ſhall fly from the Preſence of the Judge; whither wilt thou go, to what place canſt thou repair, being the Perſon againſt whom the Proceſs is commenced? It's therefore ſaid, that Heaven and Earth ſhall flie, becauſe neither the Saints of Heaven ſhall there favour thee, or the Powers of Earth aſſiſt thee; there ſhall be place for nothing that may help thee; what then would a Sinner give for leave to offer up one poor Prayer to God, when it is too late? That which would now ſerve thy turn, and thou deſpiſeſt, thou wouldeſt then have done, and canſt not. Provide thy ſelf, therefore in time, whilſt it may avail thee, and defer it not until that inſtant, wherein nothing can do thee good. Now thou mayeſt help thy ſelf, now thou mayeſt find favour: Expect not that moment wherein thy own endeavours will be uſeleſs, and there will be none to help or aſſiſt thee.

O what a lamentable thing will it be for a Sinner, to ſee himſelf not only abandoned

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doned by Men, but alſo by Angels, and even by God himſelf; and to be delivered over into the power of the Infernal Dragon, without all hopes of eſcaping from him, who will ſeize upon his Soul, and carry it to the Abyſs of Hell, there to be Tormented for ever!

HOW can Men be careleſs, ſeeing ſo important a buſineſs as is the Salvation of their Souls, depends upon an inſtant, wherein no new Diligence nor Preparation will avail them! Since then we know not when that moment will be, let us not be any moment unprovided; this is a buſineſs not to be one point of time neglected, ſince that point may be our Damnation. What will a Hundred Years ſpent with great auſterity in the ſervice of God, profit us, if in the end of all thoſe years we ſhall commit ſome grievous Sin, and Death ſhall ſeize upon us before Repentance?

LET no Man ſecure himſelf in his paſt Vertues, but continue them unto the end; ſince if he dye not in Grace, all is loſt; and if he doth, what matters it to have lived a Thouſand years in the greateſt Troubles and Afflictions this World could lay upon him! O Moment, in which the juſt ſhall forget all

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all his Labours, and ſhall reſt aſſured of all his Vertues! O Moment! which art certain to be, uncertain when to be, and moſt certain never to be again! I will therefore now fix thee in my Memory, that I may not hereafter meet thee to my Eternal ruin and predition.

THERE are three things which would make a Sinner tremble: The firſt, when his Soul is to be pluckt out of his Body. The ſecond, when it is to appear before God to receive Judgment. And the third, when Sentence is to be pronounced. How terrible then is this Moment wherein all theſe three things ſo terrible are to paſs! Let a Chriſtian often whilſt he lives, place himſelf in that inſtant, from whence let him behold on one part the time of his Life which he is to live; and on the other the Eternity whereunto he enters; and let him conſider what remains unto him of that, and what he hopes for in this; in that inſtant a Thouſand years of Life ſhall appear unto the Sinner no more than one hour; and one hour of Torments ſhall appear a Thouſand years. Behold thy Life from this Watch-Tower, from his Horizon, and meaſure it with the Eternal, and thou ſhalt find it of no Extenſion.

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O dreadful moment, which cuts off the Thread of Time, and begins the Web of Eternity! I will therefore provide for this Moment, that I may not lose Eternity; this is that precious Pearl, for which I will give all that I have or am; it shall ever be in my Memory, I shall ever be Solicitous of it, since it may every day come upon me.

FOR Eternity depends upon Death, Death upon Life, and Life upon a Thread, which may either be broken or cut; and that even when I most hope, and most endeavour to prolong it. My Life is never secure; I will therefore ever fear that Instant, which gives an end to Time, and beginning in Eternity.

Benediction and Praise be to him, who is seated on the Throne; and to the Lamb who hath redeemed us in his Blood, and hath placed us in his Eternal Kingdom. Amen.

CHAP. IX.

The end of Temporal Life is Terrible.

DEATH, because it's the end of Life, is by the Philosopher said to be the Terrible of all things Terrible: What

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would he have ſaid, if he had known it to be the beginning of Eternity, and the Gate into which we enter into that vaſt Abyſs, no Man knowing upon what ſide he ſhall fall into that profound and bottomleſs Depth! If Death be Terrible for ending the buſineſs of Life, what is it for uſhering in the inſtant wherein we are to give an account of Life before that Terrible and moſt juſt Judge, who therefore died that we might uſe it well!

IT'S not the moſt Terrible part of Death to leave the Life of this World, but to give an account of it unto the Creator of the World; eſpecially in ſuch a time wherein he is to uſe no Mercy; this is a thing ſo Terrible, that it made holy *Job* to Tremble, notwithſtanding he had ſo good an Account to make; who was ſo Juſt, that God himſelf Gloried in having ſuch a Servant.

DEATH is Terrible for many weighty Reaſons; whereof not the leaſt is the ſight of the offended Judge, who is not only Judge, but Party, and a moſt irrefragable Witneſs; in whoſe viſage ſhall then appear ſuch a ſeverity againſt the Wicked, that it's better to ſuffer all manner of Torments, than to behold the Face of his Angry Judge.

HOW

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HOW will it then amaze us, when we ſhall behold Jeſus Chriſt himſelf alive, not a dead Image; not in the Humility of the Croſs, but upon a Throne of Majeſty, and Seat of Juſtice; not in a time of Mercy, but in the hour of Vengeance; not naked, with pierced Hands, but Armed againſt Sinners with the Sword of Juſtice; when he ſhall come to Judge and Revenge the Injuries which they have done him! God is as righteous in his Juſtice, as in his Mercy; and as he hath allotted a time for Mercy, ſo he will for Juſtice.

AS in this Life the rigor of his Juſtice is as it were repreſſed and ſuſpended; ſo in that point of Death, when the Sinner ſhall receive Judgment, it ſhall be let looſe, and overwhelm him. A great and rapid River which ſhould for Thirty or Forty Years together have its current violently ſtopped; what a maſs of Waters would it collect in ſo long a ſpace? And if it ſhould then be let looſe, with what Fury would it overrun, and beat down all before it? And what reſiſtance could withſtand it? Since then the Divine Juſtice, which the Prophet *Daniel* compares not to an ordinary River, but to a River of Fire, for the greatneſs and fury of the rigor, ſhall be repreſſed for Thirty or Forty

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Years during the Life of Man, what an infinity of Wrath will it Amaſs together? and with what Fury will it burſt out upon the miſerable Sinner in the Face of the offended Judge? and therefore the Prophet *Daniel* ſaith, That a River of Fire iſſued from his Countenance, and that his Throne was of Flames, and the Wheels of it burning Fire; becauſe all ſhall then be Fire, Rigor and Juſtice; he ſets forth unto us his Tribunal-Throne with Wheels, to ſignifie thereby the force and violence of his Omnipotency, in executing the ſeverity of his Juſtice; all which ſhall appear in that moment, when Sinners ſhall be brought into Judgment, when the Lord ſhall ſpeak unto them in his Wrath, and confound them in his Fury.

O Man! Which haſt now time, conſider in what condition thou ſhalt ſee thy ſelf in that inſtant; then neither the Blood of Chriſt ſhed for thee, nor the Son of God Crucified, nor the Interceſſion or Prayers of the Bleſſed Saints, nor the Divine Mercy it ſelf ſhall avail thee; but ſhalt only behold an incenſed and revenging God, whoſe Mercies ſhall then only ſerve to augment his Juſtice: Thou ſhalt preceive that none will take thy part, but all will be againſt thee; thou art to expect

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pect no Patron, no Protector but thy vertuous Actions: Only they ſhall accompany thee; when all ſhall leave thee, they only ſhall not forſake thee; the rich Man ſhall not then have multitudes of Servants to ſet forth his Greatneſs, nor well-Fee'd Lawyers to defend his Proceſs; only his good Works ſhall beſtead him, and they only ſhall defend him.

THERE, when their Treaſures which have been heaped up in this World, and guarded with ſo much care, ſhall fail their Maſters, their Alms beſtowed on the Poor ſhall not fail them; there, when their Children, Kindred, Friends, and Servants ſhall all fail them, the Strangers which they have lodged, the Sick which they have viſited, and the Needy which they have ſuccoured ſhall not fail them: Let us therefore provide for that day, and take care that our Works be good ones.

IT is to be admired how many dare do ill in the preſence of that Judge, with whom nothing can prevail, but doing well; and the wonder is much the greater that we dare with our evil works offend him who is to judge them. The Thief is not ſo impudent as to Rob his Neighbour, if the Magiſtrate looks on; but would be held a Fool, if he ſhould Rob or offend

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the Magistrate himself in his own House. How dares then this poor thing Man injure the very Person of his most Upright and Just Judge (before whom its most certain he shall appear) to his Face, in his own House; in so high manner as to prefer the Devil, his and our greatest Enemy, before him? Every one who Sins, makes as it were a Judgment, and passes a Sentence in favour of Satan against Jesus Christ; of this unjust Judgment of Man, the Son of God, who is most unjustly Sentenced by a Sinner, will at the last day take a most strict and severe account; let him expect from his own injustice, how great is to be the Divine Justice against him.

LET him take heed how he work, since all his Actions are to be viewed and reviewed by his Redeemer. An Artist who knows his work was to appear before some King, or to be examined by some great Master in the same Art, would strive to give it the greatest perfection of his skill; since therefore all our works are to appear before the King of Heaven, and the chief Master of Vertues, Jesus Christ, let us endeavour that they may be perfect and compleat; and the rather, because he is not to examin them for Curiosity, but to pass upon us a Sentence either of Condemnation,

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nation, or Eternal Happineſs. Let us then call to mind that we are to give an account unto God Almighty, and therefore let us take heed what we do; let us weep for what is amiſs; let us forſake our Sins, and ſtrive to do vertuous Actions; let us look upon our ſelves as guilty Offenders, and let us ſtand in perpetual fear of the Judge; ſtill reprehending himſelf, and ſaying, Ah me! Wretch that I am, how ſhall I appear before the Tribunal of God? How ſhall I be able to give an account of all my Actions? If thou ſhalt always have theſe Thoughts, thou mayſt obtain Salvation; and be aſſured, he that ſeriouſly thinks upon Death, will never have the boldneſs to Sin.

ANOTHER cauſe of the terribleneſs of Death is, The innumerable multitude of our Sins, and their Monſtrous Deformity, ſhall then be laid open: This is ſignified by the Prophet *Daniel*, where he ſays, That the Throne of the Tribunal of God was of flaming Fire; whoſe nature is not only to burn, but to enlighten; and therefore in that Divine Judgment, ſhall not only be executed the rigor of his Juſtice, but the uglineſs likewiſe of Human Nature ſhall be diſcovered: the Judge himſelf ſhall not only appear ſevere, but our ſins ſhall all

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be discovered and laid open to us; and the sight of them shall make us tremble with fear and astonishment, especially when we shall perceive them to be manifest unto him who is both Judge and Party. Our Sins now seem unto us but light and trivial, and we see not half of them; but in our leaving of this Life we shall find them heavy and unsupportable.

HOW shall we remain amazed when we shall see a number of our Actions to be Sins, which we never thought to be such! And which is more, we shall find that to be a fault which we thought to be a laudable work: For many Actions which in the Eyes of Men seem vertuous, will then be found Vices in the sight of God; then shall be brought to light the works which we have done, and those which we have left undone; the Evil of that Action which we have committed, and the good of that which we have omitted; neither is there account to be taken only of the evils which we do, but of the good also which we do not well; all will be strictly searcht and narrowly lookt into, and must pass by many Eyes.

THE Devil, as our Accuser, shall frame the process of our whole Life, and shall accuse us of all he knows; and if any thing

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thing ſhall eſcape his knowledge, it ſhall not therefore be concealed; for our own Conſcience ſhall cry out and accuſe us of it; and leaſt our Conſcience might flatter us, or be ignorant of ſome faults, our Guardian Angel ſhall then be Fiſcal and Accuſer, calling for Divine Juſtice againſt us, and ſhall diſcover what our own Souls are ignorant of. And if the Devil, our Conſcience, and Guardian Angel ſhall fail in any thing, as not knowing all, the Judge himſelf, who is both Party and Witneſs, and whoſe Divine Knowledge penêtrates into the bottom of our Wills, ſhall there declare many things for Vices, which were here eſteemed for Vertues. O ſtrange way of Judgment, where none denies, and all accuſe, even the Offender accuſes himſelf; and where all are Witneſſes, even the Judge and Party! O dreadful Judgment, where there is no Advocate, and four Accuſers, the Devil, thy Conſcience, thy Guardian Angel, and thy very Judge, who will accuſe thee of many things which thou thoughtſt to have alledged for thy defence; then all ſhall be laid open, and confuſion ſhall cover the Sinner with the multitude of his offences. How ſhall he bluſh to ſee himſelf in the preſence of the King of Heaven in ſo foul and ſqualid Garments?

IF

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IF a Man when he is to ſpeak with ſome great Prince, deſire to be decently and well Clad, how will he be out of Countenance to appear before him Dirty, and half Naked? How ſhall then a Sinner be aſhamed to ſee himſelf before the Lord of all, Naked of good Works, be dirted and defiled with abominable and horrid Crimes?

BESIDES the multitude of Sins whereof the whole Life ſhall be full, the Hainouſneſs of them ſhall be alſo laid open before him, and he ſhall tremble at the ſight of that which he now thinks but a Trivial Fault; for then he ſhall clearly ſee the uglineſs of Sin, the diſſonancy of it unto Reaſon, the deformity it cauſes in the Soul, the injury it doth to the Lord of the World, his ingratitude to Chriſt his Redeemer, the prejudice it brings unto himſelf; Hell, into which he falls, and Eternal Glory, which he loſes, the leaſt of theſe were ſufficient to cover his Heart with Sadneſs and Grief; but all together, what Amazement and Confuſion will they cauſe, eſpecially when he ſhall perceive that Sins produce an uglineſs in the Soul beyond all the corporal Deformities which can be imagined? Let us therefore avoid them now, for all are to come to light, and we muſt

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muſt account for all, even to the laſt Farthing. Neither is this account to be made in groſs only, for the greateſt and moſt apparent ſins, but even for the leaſt and ſmalleſt. In human Tribunals, the Judge takes no notice of ſmall Matters; but in the Courts of Divine Judicature nothing paſſes, the leaſt things are as diligently lookt into as the greater. There is alſo in the end of Life, another cauſe of much Terror unto Sinners, which is the lively knowledge which they ſhall have of the Divine Benefits received, and the charge which ſhall be laid againſt them for their great ingratitude and abuſe of them; in that inſtant Sinners are not only to ſtand in fear of their own bad works, but of the grace and benefits of God Almighty conferred upon them.

ANOTHER confuſion ſhall cover them, where they ſhall ſee what God hath done, to oblige and aſſiſt them toward their Salvation; and what they to the contrary have done, to draw upon them their own Damnation; they ſhall tremble to ſee what God did for their good; and that he did ſo much as he could do no more, all which hath been miſimployed and abuſed by themſelves.

WE will conſider every one of theſe Benefits

Benefits by themſelves; the firſt which occurs, is that of the Creation; and what could God do more, ſince in this one benefit of thy Creation, he gave thee all what thou art, both in Soul and Body? If wanting an Arm thou wouldſt eſteem thy ſelf much obliged, and be very thankful unto him, who ſhould beſtow one upon thee, which were ſound, ſtrong, and uſeful; why art thou not ſo to God, who hath given thee Arms, Heart, Soul, Body, and all?

CONSIDER, what thou wert before he gave thee a being; nothing; and now thou enjoyeſt not only a being, but the beſt being of the Elemental World: Betwixt being and not being, there is an infinite diſtance; ſee then what thou oweſt unto thy Creator; and thou ſhalt find thy Debt to be no leſs than infinite, ſince he hath not only given thee a being, but a noble being; and that not by neceſſity, but out of an infinite love, and by election, making choice of thee amongſt an infinity of Men, poſſibly, whom he might have crerted. If Lots were to be caſt among an hundred Perſons for ſome Honourable Charge, how fortunate would he be eſteemed, who ſhould draw the Lot from ſo many Competitors? Behold then thy

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thy own happineſs, who from an abſolute nothing hath light upon a being amongſt an infinity of Creatures poſſible; and whence proceeds this ſingular favour, but from God? Who out of thoſe numberleſs Millions, hath pickt out thee, he having many others, who, if he had created them, would have ſerved him better than thy ſelf; beſides this, he not only Created thee by Election, and gave thee a noble Being; but ſupernatural Happineſs, being no way due unto thy Nature, he created Thee for it, and gave Thee for thy End the moſt high and eminent that could be imagined, to wit, the Eternal Poſſeſſion of thy Creator.

IT being then ſo great a Benefit to have created Thee, it's yet a greater to have preſerved and ſuffered Thee until this inſtant, without caſting Thee into a Thouſand Hells for thy Sins and Offences. How many for one only Fault committed, hath he withdrawn his Preſervation, and ſuffered them to die in that Sin for which they are now in Hell? And ſome of them, if they had been pardoned, would have proved more grateful than thou! Behold how many Angels for their firſt Offence, he threw headlong down from Heaven, and expected them no longer, and yet ſtill expects Thee! CON-

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CONSIDER, Thou oweſt him for Preſerving Thee, as much as for Creating Thee; Preſervation being a continued Creation; and more for Preſerving Thee, altho' his Enemy. In thy Creation, altho' thou didſt not deſerve a Being, yet thou demeritedſt it not; but in thy Preſervation thou haſt deſerved the contrary, which is to be forſaken and abandoned.

CONSIDER the benefit thou receiveſt by the Incarnation of the Son of God; by which thou art delivered from Sin and Hell, and at ſuch a time, when thy miſerable Condition was deſperate of all other remedy, and hath exalted thee to his Grace, and the Inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven, and this he did with ſuch ſingular Love, even to the annihilating as it were himſelf, that he might exalt Thee, taking upon himſelf thy Nature, that he might only confer an Honour upon Thee, which he would not to the Angels. All is great, all is Tranſcendent in this unſpeakable Goodneſs; ſee what God could do more for Thee, and ſee that thou mayeſt do much more for him, and doſt not.

CONSIDER the benefit of our Redemption by the Death and Paſſion of Chriſt; what could the Son of God do more for thee, than dye and ſhed his Blood for thee, and

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and that not with an Ordinary Death, but so ignominious, as it seems he could not suffer more? Set before thy Eyes Christ Crucified upon Mount *Calvary*; if a Man more Infamous be imaginable; Executed publickly between two Thieves as a Traytor and an Heretick, broaching false Doctrin, and making himself King, as a Traytor unto *Cæsar*.

TWO Crimes so Infamous, as they not only defame the Person who commits them, but stain and infect his stock and lineage. Behold in what Poverty he dyed, if greater can be thought on, to the end thou mayest see, if it were possible he should do more for Thee, than what he did. Whilst he lived he had not whereon to repose his Head, neither found he one drop of Water to refresh his sacred Lips; even the Earth refused him, wanting whereon to rest his Feet. Behold with what Grief and Pains he expired, since from Head to Foot he was but one continued Wound, his Feet and Hands were Pierced with Nails, and his Head with Thorns.

WHO would not be amazed at the Goodness and Piety of a great Emperor, who having a desire to Pardon a Notorious Traytor, should, rather than abate one jot of his Justice, take upon him the habit and

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and ſhape of that Traytor, and ſuffer publickly in the Market-place, that the Offender might be ſpared? Thus did God, taking upon him the form of a Servant, and dying upon the Croſs, to free condemned Man from Eternal Death.

CONSIDER then how dreadful it ſhall be unto a Sinner, when he ſhall receive a Charge, not only of his own being, and his own Life, but alſo of the being and Life of God; of the Incarnation, Paſſion, Life and Death of Chriſt our Redeemer, who hath ſo often given himſelf in the Sacrament of his Body and Blood!

THE Murtherer who ſtands charged with the Life of a Man, altho' it be of ſome wicked Perſon, yet fears to be apprehended and brought to Judgment; how is it then, that he who is charged with the Life of God, trembles not? Oh how fearful a thing is it, when a vile Creature ſhall enter into Judgment with his Creator, and ſhall be demanded an account of the Blood of Chriſt, whoſe value is infinite! What account can he give of ſuch a benefit, and of all the reſt, which he hath received, even from the greateſt unto the leaſt?

WHEN Chriſt ſhall ſay unto him; I, when thou hadſt no Being, gave Thee one, inſpired Thee with a Soul, and placed Thee above

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above all things that are upon the Earth. I for thee created Heaven, Air, Sea, Earth, and all things, and yet am diſhonoured by thee, and held moſt Vile and Baſe, and yet for all this have not ceaſed to do thee good, and beſtowed upon thee innumerable benefits; for thy ſake, being God, I was content to make my ſelf a Servant; was Buffeted, Spit upon, and Condemned to a Puniſhment of Slaves: and to redeem thee from Death, ſuffered the Dead of the Croſs. It's Heaven I intended for thee, and from thence ſent thee the Holy Ghoſt: I invited thee unto the Kingdom of Heaven, offered my ſelf to be thy Head, thy Spouſe, thy Food, thy Drink, thy Shepherd; I choſe thee for the Heir of Heaven, and drew thee out of Darkneſs into Light.

TO ſuch exceſs of Love, what have we to anſwer, but to ſtand aſtoniſhed and confounded that we have been ſo ungrateful, and given occaſion to the Devil, of one of the greateſt ſcorns and injuries which could be put upon our Redeemer? When he ſhall ſay unto him, Thou createdſt Man, for him waſt born in poverty, lived in labour and Died in Pain and Torment,; I have done nothing for him, but ſought to damn him into a thouſand Hells, and yet for all this, ti's I whom he

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ſtrives to pleaſe, and not thee; thou doſt prepare for him a Crown of Eternal Glory I deſire to torment him in Hell; and yet he had rather ſerve me without intereſt, than thee for thy Promiſe of ſo great a reward. I ſhould have been aſhamed to have Created and Redeemed a Wretch ſo ungrateful unto him from whom he hath received ſo great benefits; but ſince he loves me better than thee, let him be mine, unto whom he hath ſo often given up himſelf.

WE are not only to give an account of theſe general benefits, but of thoſe which are more particular: Of the good Examples which we have ſeen; of the Inſtructions we have heard; of the Inſpiration which hath been ſent us; let us tremble that we are ſo careleſs of that, for which all the care in the World is not ſufficient. Now is the time of benefiting our ſelves; if we ſhall now diſpiſe it, in what caſe ſhall we be? Let us not miſ ſpend the time of this Life, ſince ſo ſevere an accouut will be demanded of all the benents which we have received; let us take heed what uſe we make of this temporal Life, let us not loſe it, ſince we are to anſwer for every part of it; this time is beſtowed upon us, wherein to gain Heaven;

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Heaven; and a most strict account will be demanded of us if we despise it. It is not ours, for which we are to answer, we are not the Lords of Time; let us not therefore dispose of it for our own pleasure, but for the service of God, whose it is.

O GOD, every way most perfect and good! which art so scrupulous in thy Justice, and so indulgent in thy Mercy; rigorous with thy Self, that thou mightest be merciful unto us: O God, infinitly Good, infinitly Holy, infinitly just and perfect! We magnifie thee, we praise thee, we glorifie thee, we give thanks unto thee, Heavenly Father; for all thy Blessings thou hast bestowed upon us.

CHAP. X.

The end of all Time.

AFTER we have finished the time of this Life, the end of all Time is to succeed, which is to give a period unto all which we leave behind us: Let Man therefore know, that those things which he leaves behind for his memory after Death, are as vain as those he enjoyed in his Life: Let him raise proud *Mausoleums*,

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let him erect Statues of Marble, let him build populous Cities, let him leave a numerous Kindred, let him ſtamp his Name in Braſs, and fix his Memory with a Thouſand Nails, all muſt have an end: His Cities ſhall ſink, his Statues fall, his Family periſh, his Memory, be defac'd, and all ſhall end, becauſe all Time muſt end, not only our Pleaſures and Delights are to end in Death, but our Memories, at the fartheſt are to end with Time; and ſince all are to conclude, all are to be deſpiſed as vain and periſhing.

IF the Death of a Monarch or Prince of ſome corner of the World, Prognoſticated by an Eclipſe or Comet, cauſe a fear and amazement in the beholders, what ſhall the Death of the whole World, and with it all things Temporal, and of Time it ſelf, foretold by Angels, with prodigious Apparitions and dreadful Noiſe, produce in us? Time ſhall end, and the World ſhall die, and that, if we may ſo ſay, a moſt horrible and diſaſterous Death. How much the whole World, and the whole Race of Mankind, exceeds one particular perſon, by ſo much ſhall the univerſal end ſurpaſs in Terror the particular end of this Life.

LET us look upon the ſtrange manner of the

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the end of the World, which being ſo terrible, gives us to underſtand the vanity and deceit of all things in it. As it is uſual in Wars to skirmiſh and to make inroads before the day of Battel, ſo before that dreadful day wherein the Army of Vengeance and of all puniſhments are to encounter with the Army of Sin, the Lord ſhall from divers parts ſend forth ſeveral Calamities, as Plagues, Famine, Earthquakes, War, Inundations, Droughts, which ſhall be forerunners of that great Day of Battle; which ſhall, like Light-Horſemen, ſcour the *Campania*: And if thoſe miſeries do now ſo much afflict us, what ſhall they then do when God ſhall add unto them his utmoſt Force and Power? when all Creatures ſhall arm againſt Sinners, and the Zeal of the Divine Juſtice ſhall be their Captain General, which the Wiſe Man declares in theſe words, His Zeal ſhall take up Arms, and ſhall Arm the Creatures to revenge him of his Enemies: He ſhall put on Juſtice as a Breaſt-Plate, and Righteous Judgment as a Helmet; and he ſhall take Equity as a Buckler, and ſhall ſharpen his Wrath as a Lance, and the circuit of the Earth ſhall Fight for him; Thunderbolts ſhall be ſent from the Clouds, as a well-ſhooting Bow, and ſhall *Sap* 5.

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not fail to hit the Mark; and Hail ſhall be ſent full of Stormy Wrath; the Waters of the Sea ſhall threaten them, the Rivers ſhall combate furiouſly; a moſt Stormy Wind ſhall riſe againſt them, and ſhall divide them as a Whirlwind.

VERY dreadful are theſe Words, altho' they contain but the War which Three of the Elements are to make againſt Sinners; but not only Fire, Air and Water, but Earth alſo and Heaven, ſhall fall upon them and confound them: for all the Creatures ſhall expreſs their Fury in that Day, and ſhall riſe againſt Man; and if the Clouds ſhall diſcharge Thunderbolts and Stones upon their Heads, the Heavens ſhall Shoot no leſs Balls then Stars, which ſhall fall from thence; if Hail no Bigger than little Stones, falling but from the Clouds, deſtroy the Fields, and ſometimes kill the leſſer ſort of Cattel, what ſhall pieces of Stars do, falling from the Firmament or upper Region;

AS in Man, who is called the leſſer World, when he is to die, the Humors, which are as the Elements, are troubled and out of Order; his Eyes which are as the Sun and Moon, are darkned: his other Senſes, which are as the leſſer Stars, fall away; his Reaſon, which is as the Cæleſtial

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Cælestial Vertues, is off the Hinges; so in the death of the greater World, before it dissolve and expire, the Sun shall be turned into Darkness, the Moon into Blood, the Stars shall fall, and the whole World shall tremble with a horried Noise. If the Sun, Moon, and other Cælestial Bodies, which are held incorruptible, shall suffer such changes, what shall be done with those frail and corruptible Elements of Earth, Air and Water; if this inferior World doth depend upon the Heavens, those Cælestial Bodies being altered and broken in pieces, in what state must the lower Elements remain, when the Vertues of Heaven shall faulter, and the wandring Stars shall lose their way, and fail to observe their order?

HOW shall the Air be troubled with violent and sudden Whirlwinds, Dark Tempests, horrible Thunders, and furious Flashings of Lightning! How shall the Earth tremble with dreadful Earthquakes, opening her self with a Thousand Mouths, and casting forth, as it were, whole Volcanos of Fire and Sulphur; and not content to overthrow the loftiest Towers, shall swallow up high Mountains, and bury Cities in her Entrails; How shall the Sea then rage, mounting her proud Waves above

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the Clouds, as if they meant to overwhelm the whole Earth? The Roaring of the Ocean shall astonish those who are far distant from the Sea, and inhabit in the midst of the firm Land; therefore it's said, that there shall be in the Earth afflictions of Nations for the confusion of the Noise of the Sea.

WHAT shall Men do in this general perturbation of Nature? They shall remain amazed and pale as Death: What comfort shall they have? They shall stand gazing one upon another, and every one shall conceive a new fear, by beholding in his Neighbours Face the Image of his own Death, What fear and horror shall then possess them, when they shall hourly expect the success and dire effects portended by those monstrous prodigies? All commerce shall then cease; the Market places shall be unpeopled, and the Tribunals remain solitary and silent; none shall then be ambitions of Honours, none shall seek after Pastimes and new invented Pleasures; nor shall the covetous Wretch then busie himself with the care of his Treasures; none shall frequent the Palaces of Kings and Princes, but through fear shall forget even to Eat and Drink; all their care shall be employed how to escape those

Deluges

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Deluges, Earthquakes, and Lightning, ſeeking for places of ſecurity, which they ſhall not meet with: Who will remember the ſumptuous Buildings he hath rear'd; the Beauty he hath once doated upon?

IF we ſhall forget what we our ſelves moſt valued and gloried in, how ſhall we remember that of others? What remembrance ſhall there then be of the Acts of that great *Alexander?* Of the Learning of *Ariſtotle?* Of the Wiſdom of *Solomon?* And of the Endowments of the moſt Renowned Men of the World? Their Fame ſhall remain from thenceforward for ever buried, and ſhall die with the World for a whole Eternity.

THE Mariners, when in ſome furious Tempeſt they are upon point of ſinking, how are they amazed at the rage of the watry Element? How grieved and afflicted with ruin which threatens them? What Prayers and Vows do they ſend up to Heaven? How diſ-intereſted are they of all Worldly matters, ſince they fling their Wealth and Riches into the Sea, for which they have run ſuch hazard? In what condition ſhall be then the Inhabitants of the Earth, when not only the Sea with his raging, but Heaven and Earth, with a Thouſand Prodigies, ſhall affright them?

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them? When the Sun shall put on a Robe of Mourning, and amaze them with the horror of his Darkness; when the Moon shall look like Blood, the Stars fall, and the Earth shall shake them with its unquiet trembling; when the Whirlwinds shall throw them off their Legs, and frequent and thick Flashes of Lighting dazzel their sight, and confound their understanding; what shall Sinners then do, for whose sake all these fearful wonders shall happen?

LET us, by the particular changes which have happened, judge how dreadful the conjunction of so many and so great Calamities in the end of the World altogether will be. But if all the alterations past of the Elements, were no more than Skirmishes; what shall then be the Battle which they are to give unto Sinners, when the Heavens shall shoot their Arrows, and give the Alarm, with prodigious Thunders, and shall declare their wrath with horrible Apparitions?

IN the last days the Sun shall hide his Beams under a mourning Garment; and the Moon shall Cloath her self with Blood, to signifie the War which all the Creatures are to make with Fire and Blood, against those who have despised their Creator;

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tor; when on one ſide the Earth ſhall rouſe it ſelf up againſt them, and ſhall ſhake them off her Back, as unwilling to endure there Burdens any longer; when the Sea ſhall purſue and aſſault them within their own Houſes; and the Air ſhall not permit them to be ſafe in the Fields? Certainly it ſhall then be no wonder, if they ſhall deſire the Mountains to cover them and the Hills to hid them within there Caverns: What ſhall it be then when the Lord of all ſhall Arm all the Elements againſt Man, and ſhall give the Alarm to all Creatures to revenge himſelf upon him, ſo ungratefull for his infinite benefits?

THE Creatures now groan to ſee themſelves abuſed by Man, in contempt of his and their Creator; but they Shall then ſhake off their Yoaks, and ſhall revenge themſelves of the grievances which they ſuffer under him, and the injuries he hath done unto the Creator of all: All the Elements, all Creatures, the whole World ſhall be up in Arms againſt Man; the Summer ſhall be canged into Winter, and Winter into the Summer; no Creature ſhall obſerve the prefixed Law with him who hath not obſerved the Law of his Creator, that ſo they may revenge both God and themſelves; but more terrible then

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Apoc. c. 9. then is that which follows, that after so many Calamities, the Bottomless Pit, which is Hell, shall burst open, and out of his profound Throat belch forth so thick a Smoke, as shall wholly darken the Sun and Air, from which Smoke shall sally forth a multitude of deformed Locusts, which in great swarms shall disperse themselves over the Face of the whole Earth, and leaving the Fields, Herbs and what is sown, fall upon such Men as have been unfaithful unto God, and shall for five Months Torment them with greater rage then Scorpions.

SOME Doctors understand those Locusts according to the letter; that they shall be a certain kind of true Locusts, but of a strange Figure and Fierceness; others, that they shall be Devils in Hell in the Shape of Locusts; and it's no marvel, that in the destruction of the World, Devils shall appear in visible forms, since in the destructon of *Babylon*, they appeared in divers Figures of Beasts, as was Propheſied by *Isaiah*.

BUT how shall it then fare with Sinners, when after all shall come that general Fire, so often foretold, which shall either fall from Heaven, or ascend out of Hell, or (according to *Albertus Magnus*) proceed from

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from both, and ſhall devour and conſume all it meets with? Whether ſhall the miſerable flie, when that River of Flames, or (to ſay better) that Inundation and Deluge of Fire ſhall ſo encompaſs them, as no place of ſurety ſhall be left, where nothing can avail but a holy life, when all beſides ſhall periſh in that univerſal ruin of the whole World?

WHAT lamentations were in *Rome* when it Burnt for ſeven Days together? What Shrieks were heard in Troy, when it was wholly conſumed with Flames? What Howling and Aſtoniſhment in *Pentapolis* when thoſe Cities were deſtroyed with Fire from Heaven? What weeping was there in *Jeruſalem*, when they beheld the Houſe of God, the Glory of their Kingdom, the Wonder of the World, involved in Fire and Smoke? Imagin what theſe People felt, they ſaw their Houſes and Goods on Fire, and no poſſibility of ſaving them; when the Husband heard the Shrieks and Cries of his dying Wife, the Father of his little Children, and unawares perceiv'd himſelf ſo encompaſſed with Flames, that he could neither relive them nor free himſelf!

WHAT then ſhall be the ſtreights and exigencies of that general burning, when thoſe

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those who shall escape Earthquakes, Inundations of the Sea, the Fury of Whirlwinds, and Lightning from Heaven, shall fall into that Universal Fire, that Deluge of Flames, which shall consume all, and make an end of Men and their Memories; Of those who lived before the Flood, and were Masters of the World for so long a time, except it be of some few, we know nothing; those Heroical Actions which certainly some of them performed, and gained by them incomparable Fame, lie Buried in the Waters, and there remains no more Memory of those who did them, then if they had never been Born; no more permanent shall be the Fame of those which now resounds in the Ears of the whole World; *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Hippocrates*, *Euclid*, and the rest; no more World, no more Fame, this Fire shall end all the Smoke.

AND indeed the World may be said to be like a House full of Smoke; which in such manner blinds the Eyes, as it suffers not those within it to see things as they are; and so the World with its deceits so disguise the nature of human things, as we perceive not what they are; Ambition and human Honour (which the World so

ſo much dotes after) are no more than Smoke, without ſubſtance, which ſo blinds our Underſtandings, that we know not the truth of that we ſo much covet: It's no marvel that ſo much Smoke comes at laſt to end in Flames.

WHAT ſhall it then profit the Worldlings to have Rich Veſſels of Gold and Silver, Curious Embroideries, Precious Tapeſtries, Pleaſant Gardens, Sumptuous Palaces, and all what the World now eſteems, when they ſhall with their own Eyes behold their coſtly Palaces Burnt, their Rich and curious pieces of Gold melted, and their flouriſhing and pleaſant Orchards conſumed, without Power to preſerve them or themſelves; All ſhall burn, and with it the World, and all the Memory and Fame of it ſhall die; and that which Mortals thought to be Immortal, ſhall then end and periſh.

NO more ſhall *Ariſtotle* be cited in the Schools, nor *Ulpian* alledged in the Tribunals; no more ſhall *Plato* be read amongſt the learned, nor *Cicero* imitated by the Orators; no more ſhall *Seneca* be admired by the underſtanding, nor *Alexander* extolled among Captains; all Fame ſhall then die, and all Memory be forgotten: O Vanity of Men, whoſe Memorials are as vain as

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as themſelves which in few years periſh, and that which laſts longeſt, can endure no longer than the World! What became of that Statue of Maſſie Gold, which *Gorgias* the *Scontine* placed in *Delphos* to eternize his Name; and that of *Gorbrion* in *Rome*, and that of *Beroſus* with the Golden Tongue in *Athens*, and innumerable others erected to great Captains in Braſs or hardeſt Marble? Certainly many years ſince they are periſhed; if not they ſhall periſh in this great and general Conflagration; only Vertue no Fire can burn.

THREE Hundred and Sixty Statues were erected by the *Athenians* unto *Demetrias Phaleras*, for having governed their Common-wealth Ten Years with great Vertue and Prudence; but of ſo little continuance were thoſe Trophies, that thoſe very Emblems which were raiſed by Gratitude, were ſoon after deſtroyed by Envy; and he himſelf who ſaw his Statues ſet up in ſo great a number, ſaw them alſo pulled down; but he ſtill retained this comfort, which Chriſtians may learn from him, that beholding how they threw his Images unto the ground, he could ſay at laſt, They cannot overthrow thoſe Vertues, for which they were erected. If they were true

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true Vertues, he ſaid well; for thoſe neither Envy can demoliſh, nor Human power deſtroy.

AND which is more, the Divine Power will not in this general deſtruction of the World conſume them, but will preſerve in his eternal Memory as many as ſhall perſevere in goodneſs, and die in his holy Grace; for only Charity, Holineſs, and Chriſtian Vertues ſhall not end, when the World ends.

THE Rich Man ſhall not be preſerved by his Wealth, nor the Mighty by his Power, nor the Crafty by his Wiles; only the Juſt ſhall be freed by his Vertues; none ſhall eſcape the terror of that Day, by faſt Sailing Ships, or Speed of Horſes; the Sea it ſelf ſhall burn, and the Fire ſhall overtake the Swifteſt Poſt; only Holineſs and Charity ſhall defend the Servants of God.

HOW then ſhall I, miſerabl Sinner, in this univerſal Conflagration behave my ſelf? What Counſell ſhall I take in that extremity, when my own Conſcience ſhall be my Accuſer, and when I ſhall behold the World all on Fire about me? Whither ſhall I flee for ſafety, when no place will afford it? Shall I climb unto the Mountains? Thither the Flames will follow me Shall I deſend into the Valleys? Thither

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the Fire will purſue me. Shall I ſhut up my ſelf in ſome ſtrong Caſtle or Tower? but there the wrath of God will aſſault me, and the Fire will paſs the Foſſes, conſume the Bulwarks, and make and end of them and me. What ſhall I poor Wretch do? Let thy Power, O Lord, Triumph over my miſery, and glorifie thy ſelf in my greateſt extremities; and thy will, O Lord, be done, if it be thy Divine Pleaſure, in my confuſion.

CHAP. XI.

Of the laſt Day of Time, and of the Judgment which is to paſs upon all things in the World.

WE muſt ſuppoſe that the coming of Chriſt to Judgment, is to be with greater Terror and Majeſty then hath yet been manifeſted by any of the Divine Perſons, either in himſelf, or any of his Creatures. If an Angel which repreſented God, and was only to promulgate the Law, came with that Terror and Majeſty unto Mount *Sinai*, as made the *Hebrew* people, tho' purified and prepared for his coming, to Quake and Tremble; what ſhall the Lord of the Law do, when he

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he himself comes to take an account of the Law, to revenge the breach of it? With what Terror and Majesty shall he appear unto Sinners, and to such which are unprepared for his reception, who are then to be all present, and judged in that last Day of Time? For after those prodigious Thunders, Lightnings, Earthquakes and Prodigies; after burning in that Deluge of Fire, the Sinners of the World; the Saints remaining still alive, that that Article of our Faith may be literally fulfilled, *From thence he shall come to Judge both the Quick and the Dead*; the Heavens shall open, and over the Vallies of *Jehosaphat*, the Redeemer of the World, attended by all the Angels of Heaven, in visible Forms of admirable splendor, shall with a Divine Majesty descend to judge it.

BEFORE the Judge shall be borne his Standard, which *Chrysostom* and divers other Doctors affirm, shall be the very Cross on which he suffered; then shall the Just meet (as the Apostle says) their Redeemer in the Air, who, at his issuing forth of the Heavens, shall with a Voice that may be heard of all the World, pronounce this his Commandment, *Arise yea dead and come unto Judgment*, which shall be proclaimed

Chrysost. Tom. 3. de Cruce.

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by Four Angels in the Four Quarters of the VVorld, with ſuch Vehemence, that the ſound ſhall pierce unto the Infernal Region, from whence the Souls of the Damned ſhall iſſue forth, and re-enter their Bodies, which ſhall from thenceforward ſuffer the terrible Torments of Hell; the Souls of the bleſſed filling their Bodies with the four Gifts of Glory, ſhall make them more reſplendent than the Sun, and with the Gift of Agility ſhall joyn themſelves with thoſe juſt who remain alive in the Air in their paſſible Bodies; which being yet Mortal, and therefore not able to endure theſe Vehement affections of the Heart, of Joy, Deſire, Reverence, Love and Admiration of Chriſt; ſhall then die, and in that inſtant behold the Divine Eſſence, after which their Souls ſhall be again immediately united to their Bodies, before they can be corrupted, or ſo much as fall unto the ground, and thenceforward continue Glorious; for in the Moment wherein they Die, they ſhall be purified from thoſe Noxious Humors and Qualities wherewith our Bodies are now infected.

AND therefore it was convenient they ſhould firſt die, that being ſo cleanſed from all filth, they might by the reſtitution of their

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their blessed Souls receive Gifts of Glory. Who can express the Joy of those happy Souls, when they shall take possession of their new Glorious and Beautiful Bodies, which were long since eaten by Worms, or wild Beasts, some four, some five thousand years ago, turned into Dust and Ashes? What thanks shall they give unto God, who after so long a separation hath restored them to their ancient Companions? But the Souls of the Damned, how shall they rage and curse their own Flesh, since to please and pamper it, hath been the occasion of their Torments and Eternal Uuhappiness?

THE Reprobates being then in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*, and the predestinate in the Air, the Judge shall appear above Mount *Olivet*, unto whom the Clouds shall serve as a Chariot, and his most glorious Body shall cast forth Rays of such incomparable Splendor, as the Sun shall appear but as a Coal; for even the predestinate shall shine as the Sun, but the Light and Brightness of Christ shall far exceed them, as the Sun doth the least Star; the which most admirable Sight shall be yet more Glorious by those Thousand Millions of Excellent and Heavenly Spirits which shall attend him, who having formed *Zec. c.* 10.

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ed themſelves Aerial Bodies of more or leſs ſpendor, according to their Hierarchy and Order, ſhall fill the whole ſpace betwixt Heaven and Earth, with unſpeakable Beauty and Variety.

THE Saviour of the World ſhall ſit upon a Throne of great Majeſty, his Countenance ſhall be moſt Mild and Peceable towards the good, and (tho' the ſame) moſt terrible unto the bad; out of his ſacred Wounds ſhall iſſue Beams of Light towards the juſt, full of Love and Sweetneſs; but unto Sinners full of Fire and Wrath, who ſhall Weep bitterly for the Evils which iſſue from them; ſo great ſhall be the Majeſty of Chriſt, that the Miſerable, Damned, and the Devils themſelves, notwithſtanding, all the Hate they bear him, ſhall yet proſtrate themſelves and adore him, and to their greater confuſion acknowledge him for Lord and God: and thoſe who have moſt Blaſphem'd him ſhall then Bow before him, fulfilling the Promiſes of the Eternal Father, that all things ſhould be ſubject unto him, that he would make his Enemies his Footſtool, and that all Knees ſhould bend before him; here alſo ſhall the Sinners behold him in Glory, whom they have deſpiſed for vain Trifles of the Earth.

Pſal. 109. 1 *Cor.* 15. *Phil.* 2.

What

WHAT an amazement will it be to see him King of so great Majesty, who suffered so much Ignominy upon the Cross, and even from those whom he redeemed with his most precious Blood; What will they then say, who in scorn Crowned the Sacred Temples of the Lord with Thorns, put a Reed in his Hand for a Scepter, Cloathed him in some Old and broken Garment of Purple, Buffetted and Spit upon his blessed Face? I know not how the Memory of this doth not burst our Hearts with Compunction!

THERE shall be Thrones for the Apostles, and those Saints who, poor in Spirit, have left all for Christ, who sitting now as Judges with the redeemer, and condemning by their good Example the scandalous Lives of Sinners; shall approve the Sentence of the supreme Judge, and declare his great Justice before the World, which with the wicked shall remain confounded and amazed; the Tyrants who have afflicted and put to Death the holy Martyrs, what will they now say, when they shall see them in this Glory? Those who trampled under Foot the Justice and Right of the poor of Christ, what will they do when they shall behold their Judges? How confounded shall be the Kings of the Earth,

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when they shall behold their Vassals in Glory? And Lords, when they shall see their Slaves amongst the Angels, and themselves in equal Rank with Devils? The good he shall place upon his Right Hand, elevated in the Air, that all the World may honour them as Holy; and the Wicked shall stand far at his left, remaining upon the Earth to their own confusion and Scorn of all.

IMMEDIATELY the Books of all Mens Consciences shall be opened, and their Sins published to the whole World; the most secret Sins of their Hearts, and those filthy Acts which were committted in private, shall all to their great shame and confusion be then discovered; the Vertuous Actions of the Just, how secretly so ever performed, their holy Thoughts, their pious Desires, their pure Intentions, their good Works, which the World now disesteems as Madness, shall then be manifested, and they for them be honoured by the whole World.

NOTHING shall be of greater confusion unto Sinners, than to behold those who have committed equal and greater Sins than themselves, to be there in Glory; because they made use of the time of Repentance, which they despised and neglected

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neglected. This confusion shall be augmented by that inward charge which God shall lay against them of his Divine benefits, unto which their Angel-Guardians shall assist, by giving Testimony how often they have dissuaded them from their Evil courses; and how Rebellious and Refractory they have still been to their Holy Inspirations: The Saints shall accuse them, that they have laughed at their good Counsels; and shall set forth the dangers whereunto they themselves have been subject by their Ill Example.

THE Just Judge shall then immedately pronounce Sentence in favour of the good, in these Words of Love and Mercy, *Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the Kingdom which was prepared for you from the Creation of the World.* O what Joy shall fill the Saints! And what spight and envy shall burst the Hearts of Sinners! But more, when those miserable Wretches shall hear the severe Judge say, *Depart from me, ye cursed, into Eternal Fire, prepared for Satan and his Angels:* With this Sentence they shall remain for ever overthrown, and covered with eternal Sorrow and Confusion. *Depart from me*; Alas, Dread Sovereign! Whither shall they go to avoid thy displeasure! Art thou not in Heaven, in Hell and

and every where; Doſt not thou fill Heaven and Earth? Doſt not thou hold the Univerſe in thy Hands? And doth not thy Power comprehend all things; To whom ſhall they betake themſelves? Art not thou he who haſt the words of Eternal Life, who art even thy ſelf Life Everlaſting? Whither wilt thou have theſe miſerable Creatures to retire themſelves? Do what they can, they cannot go out of thee, ſince in thee all things have Motion, Being and Life. Be gone barren Trees, twice Dead, Rooted out of the Bleſſed Earth, and are only fit to be caſt into the Fire; you are not worthy to take up place in the Paradiſe of Heaven, where no Trees are Planted, but ſuch as bear good Fruit.

Pſal. 54. AT that inſtant the Fire of that general burning ſhall inveſt thoſe miſerable Creatures; the Earth ſhall open, and Hell ſhall enlarge its Throat to ſwallow them for all Eternity, accompliſhing that Malediction,

Pſal. 10. *Let death come upon them, and let them ſink alive into Hell*; Snares, Fire and Sulphur, ſhall Rain upon Sinners: But the Juſt ſhall then rejoyce, ſinging that Song of the Lamb related by S. *John, Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Omnipotent; juſt and righteous are thy ways, King*

Apoc. 15. *of*

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of all Eternity; who will not fear thee, O Lord, and magnifie thy Name? With thouſand other Anthems of Joy and Jubilee they ſhall aſcend above the Stars in a moſt Glorious Triumph, untill they arrive in the Emperial Heaven, where they ſhall be placed in Thones of Glory, which they ſhall enjoy for an Eternity of Eternities.

IN the mean time the Earth, which was polluted for having ſuſtained the Bodies of the damned, ſhall be purified in that general burning; and then ſhall be renewed the Earth, the Heavens, the Stars and the Sun; which ſhall ſhine Seven times more then before; and the Creatures which have been here violated and oppreſſed by the abuſe of Man, ſhall then rejoyce to ſee themſelves freed from the Tyranny of Sin and Sinners, and joyful of the Triumph of Chriſt, ſhall put on Mirth and Gladneſs.

THIS is the end wherein all Time is to determin; and this the Cataſtrophe, ſo fearful unto the wicked, where all things Temporal are to conclude: Let us therefore take heed how we uſe them; and that we may uſe them well, let us be mindful of this laſt Day, this Day of Juſtice and Calamity, this Day of Terror and Amazement; the Memory whereof will ſerve much for the Reformation of our Lives;

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let us think of it, and fear it, for it's the most terrible of all things terrible, and the consideration most profitable and acceptable to cause in us a Holy fear of God and to convert us unto Him. While I live I will therefore ever preserve in my Memory this Day of Terror, that I may hereafter enjoy security for the whole Eternity of God. Above all things, I will keep before my Eyes the last of all Days; and all the Moments of my Life, I will think, and for ever think of Eternity.

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CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE STATE of MAN.

LIB. II.

CHAP. I.

Of the Greatneſs of things Eternal.

ALTHO all Temporal things are in themſelves little and baſs, yet unto him, who ſhall conſider the Greatneſs and Majeſty of the Eternal, they will appear much leſs, and contemptible.

THE Greatneſs of the Glory Eternal conſiſts not only in the Eternity of it's duration; but in its intention alſo, as being Supreme, and without limits it its excellency: And therefore we ought not to

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to think much at the ſuffering of a thouſand years Torments, or to remain in Hell it ſelf for ſome long time, ſo we might behold Chriſt in his Glory, and enjoy the company of Saints, and be partakers of ſo great a happineſs, but for one day.

SUCH is the Beauty of Righteouſneſs, ſuch the joy of that Eternal Light of that immutable Truth and Wiſdom, that altho' we were not to continue in it above one day, yet for ſo ſhort a time, a thouſand years in this Life, repleniſhed with delight, and abundance of all Goods temporal, were juſtly to be deſpiſed; *One day in thy Courts is better than a Thouſand:* And if thoſe joys of Heaven were ſhort, and thoſe of Earth Eternal, yet we ought to forſake Theſe for Thoſe: What ſhall it be to poſſeſs them for an Eternity, when the joy of each day ſhall be Equivalent to many years? If the Beauties of all Creatures, Heavens, Earth, Flowers, Pearls, and all other things that could give any light, were all compriſed in one thing; if every one of the Stars yelded as much light as the Sun, and the Sun ſhined as bright as all they together: All this ſo united, would be, in reſpect of the beauty of God Almighty, as a dark Night in reſpect of the cleareſt day: As *Ahaſuerus* who

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who reigned from *India* to *Æthopia*, over One Hundred and Seventy Princes, made a great Feaſt for all his Princes, which laſted One hundred eighty one Days: So ſhall this King of Heaven and Earth make his great Supper of Glory, which ſhall laſt for all Eternity, for the ſetting forth of his Majeſty, and for the honour and entertainment of his Servants; where the Joys ſhall be ſuch as neither the Eye hath ſeen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor hath entred into the Heart of Man to conceive: *Come Eat and Drink, and be filled, my beloved*, ſhall the King of Heaven ſay; *this feaſt of mine ſhall never be ended, there ſhall come no ſorrow after it.* O Life of Lives, ſurpaſſing all Life! O everlaſting Life! O Life bleſſed for evermore! Where there is Joy without Sorrow. O the inanity and emptineſs of temporal Goods! what proportion do they hold with this Greatneſs, ſince they are ſo poor, that even Time, from whence they have their being makes them tedious, and not to be endured? Who could continue a whole Month without any diverſion, in hearing the choiceſt Muſick? Nay, who could paſs a day free from wearineſs, without ſome thoughts of Pleaſures? But ſuch is the greatneſs of theſe Joys which God hath

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hath prepared for them who Love and Fear him, as we ſhall ſtill deſire them afreſh, and they will not cloy us in a whole Eternity.

ETERNAL Glory is great, both in reſpect of its purity, being free from all Ill and in reſpect of its perfection, being highly and excellently good: It doth as far exceed all the gradeur of this World, as the Heavens are diſtant from the Earth; and how far that is, we ſhall form ſome conception of it, as much as our weakneſs is able to expreſs.

THE moſt famous Mathematician *Chriſtopher Clavius* ſays, that from the Sphere of the Moon, which is the loweſt Heaven unto the Earth, are One hundred and twenty thouſand ſix hundred and thirty Miles: From the Heaven of the Sun, four Millions thirty thouſand nine hundred and twenty three Miles: And from the Firmament or Eighth Heaven, one hundred ſixty one Millious eight hundred fourſcore and four thouſand nine hundred and forty three Miles: Here *Plato* wills the Mathematicians to ceaſe their enquiries; for from hence there is no rule of meaſuring further; but without all doubt, it's much further from thence to the Empyræal Heaven: for the only thickneſs of the ſtarry

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ſtarry Sphere is ſaid to contain as much as the whole ſpace betwixt that and the Earth: Inſomuch as if a Milſtone were thrown from the higheſt of the Firmament, and ſhould every Hour fall two hundred Miles, it would be Ninety years before it arrived at the Earth: The Mathematicians alſo, and ſome learned Interpreters of the Holy Scripture affirm, that the diſtance from the Earth unto the higheſt of the Firmament, is leſs than that from thence to the loweſt of the Empyreal Heaven; and therefore conclude if one ſhould live Two thouſand years, and every day ſhould travel a Hundred Miles, he ſhould not in all that time reach the loweſt of the Firmament: And if after that, he ſhould alſo travel other Two thouſand years, he ſhould not reach the higheſt of it; and from thence Four thouſand years before he arrived at the loweſt of the Empyreal Heaven: O Bleſſed Jeſu, which makes us in a moment diſpatch ſo great a Journy, and in one little inſtant brings the Souls of the Juſt thither; ſo ſhort is the way, which brings us to Heaven, that in an inſtant the Righteous ſhall mount above the Sun and Moon, tread the Stars under their Feet, and enter into the Heaven of the Bleſſed.

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PROPORTIONABLE unto this distance of place, is the advantage which the greatness of Heaven hath above that of Earth, and the same holds in their Blessings: Let us mount then with this Consideration thither, and from that height, let us despise all the vanities of this World: All the Kingdoms of the Earth are but as a Point, yea, but as a Point of a Point: He is higher than the World, who cares not for the World: But of Heaven, *Baruch* could say: *How great is the House of God, how large is the place of his Possession?* It's great, and hath no end: high, and immeasurable; if one, who had ever been bred in an obscure Dungeon, were told, that above the Earth there was a Sun, which enlightned the whole World, and cast his Beams far above a Hundred Thousand Leagues in Circumference, all the discourses which could be made unto such a one would hardly make him conceive the brightness and beauty of the Sun; much less can the Glory of those things of the other World be made to appear unto us, tho' set forth with the greatest beauty the World affords.

Bar. c. 3.

O what Fools then are they, who for one Point of Earth lose so many Leagues of Heaven! Who for one short Pleasure lose things so immense and durable! O the greatness

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greatness of the Omnipotency and Goodness of God! Who hath prepared such Celestial Mansions and Glorious Things for the humble and little ones who serve him: *My Soul, O Lord my God, thirsteth after thee:* Ps. 17. 15. *I will behold thy Face in Righteousness; for* Ps. 16. 11. *in thy Presence is fulness of Joy, at thy Right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore: Whatsoever I can wish for, is present with thee; whatsoever can be desired, is in thee in abundance; thou shalt make me Drink of the River of thy Pleasures; for with thee is the Fountain of Life, and in thy Light I shall see Light; How happy shall I be, when I* Psa. 36. 8, 9. *shall see thee in thy self, and thee in me, and my self in thee, living in everlasting Felicity, and enjoying the beatifical Vision of thee for evermore; I will therefore trust in thee my Lord God for ever; for in the Lord* Jehovah *there is everlasting Happi-* Isa. 25. 4. *ness, and Joy without end.*

CHAP. II.

The greatness of the eternal honour of the Just.

THE Greatness of those Goods of the other Life, are Honours, Riches, Pleasures, and all the Blessings both of

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Body and Soul: Of each whereof we shall say something apart; and will begin with that of Honour.

THE Nature of Honour is to be a Reward of Vertue: and by how much greater the reward is, by so much the greater is the Honour which is conferred: What Honour shall it then be, when God shall give unto those who served him, not only to tread upon the Stars, to inhabit the Palaces of Heaven, to be Lords of the World: but Transcending all that is Created, and finding nothing amongst his Riches sufficient to reward them, shall give them his own infinite Essence to enjoy, as a recompence of their Holiness, not for a Day, but to all Eternity?

THE highest Honour, which the *Romans* bestowed upon their greatest Captains, was to grant them a Day of Triumph, and in that, permission to wear a Crown of Grass or Leaves, which Withered the Day following: But the Triumph of the Just shall be Eternal: And their never fading Crown is God himself: O most happy Diadem, O most precious Garland of the Saints, which is of as great worth and value as is God himself! *Sapores*, King of the *Persians*, was most ambitious of Honour, and would therefore be called the Brother of the Sun and

and Moon, and Friend to the Planets; this vain Prince erected a moſt glorious Throne, which he placed on high, and thereon ſat in great Majeſty, having under his Feet a Globe of Glaſs, whereon were artificially repreſented the Motions of the Sun, the Moon, and Stars; and to ſit Crowned above this Phantaſtical Heaven, he eſteemed as a great Honour. What ſhall be then the Honour of the Juſt who ſhall truely and really ſit above the Sun, the Moon, and Firmament, Crowned by the Hand of God himſelf; and that with a Crown of Gold, graven with the Seal of Holineſs and the Glory of Honour? And this Honour arrives at the heighth, that Chriſt himſelf tells us; *He who ſhall overcome, I will give him to ſit with me in my Throne; even as I have overcome, and have ſitten with the Father in his Throne*; O happy labour of the Victorious and Glorious Combat of the Juſt, againſt the Vices and Temptations of the World, whoſe Victory deſerves ſo ineſtimable a Crown! Apoc. 3.

HOW great ſhall be that Glory, when a juſt Soul ſhall, in the preſence of an infinite number of Angels, ſit in the ſame Throne with Chriſt; and ſhall, by the juſt Sentance of God, be praiſed for a Conqueror over the World, and the inviſible

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Powers of Hell? What can it desire more, than to be partaker of all those Divine Goods, and even to accompany Christ in the same Throne? O how chearfully do they bear all afflictions for Christ, who with a lively Faith and certain hope apprehend so sublime Honours.

IF the Applause of Men, and the good Opinion which they have from others, be esteemed an Honour, what shall be the Applause of Heaven, and the good Opinion not only of Saints and Angels, but of God himself whose Judgment cannot Err? *David* took it for a great Honour, that the Daughter of his King was judged a reward of his Valour: God surpasses this, and honours so much the Service of his Elect, that he pays their Merits with no less a reward than himself.

BESIDES this, he who is most known, and is praised and celebrated for good and Vertuous by the greatest Multitude, is esteemed the most Glorious and Honourable person: but all this World is a Solitude in respect of the Citizens of Heaven, where innumerable Angels approve and praise the vertuous Actions of the Just; and they likewise are nothing, and all Creatures, Men and Angels, but as a solitary Wilderness, in respect of the Creator. What Man

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ſo glorious upon Earth, whoſe worth and valour hath been known to all: Thoſe who were born before him, conld not know him: But the Juſt in Heaven ſhall be known by all, paſt and to come, and by all the Angels, and by the King of Men and Angels: Human Fame is founded upon the Applauſe of Mortal Men, who, beſides being leſs than Angels, may be deceived, may ſpeak untruth, and are moſt part of them Sinners and wiked; how far muſt that Honour exceed it, which is conferred upon the Juſt by the holy Angels, and by thoſe bleſſed and pure Souls who cannot be deceived themſelves, nor will deceive others? If we eſteem it more to be honoured by the Kings of the Earth, by the great Men of the World, than by ſome ignorant Peaſants of ſome poor Village; how ought we then to value the Honour which ſhall be beſtowed upon us by the Saints in Heaven, who are the Kings and Grandees of the Court of God, and are all repleniſhed with moſt perfect and Divine Wiſdom? All the Honour of Men is ridiculous, and his Ambition no wiſer who ſeeks it, than if one Worm ſhould deſire to be Honoured by another: All the Earth is but as a Village, or rather ſome ſmall Cottage, in reſpect of Heaven; let us

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not therefore ſtrive for a Name upon Earth, but that our Names may be written in Heaven.

IF *Saul* thought the Honour too much which was given to *David* by the Damſels, when they celebrated his Victory in their Songs, what ſhall it be to be celebrated by all the Angels and Saints in Celeſtial Reſponſories? When a Servant of God enters into Heaven, he ſhall be received with ſuch divine Muſick, all the bleſſed in Heaven often repeating thoſe Words in the Goſpel, *Well done good Servant and true; becauſe thou haſt been faithful in a few things, thou ſhalt be placed over much; enter into the Maſters joy.* Which Words they ſhall repeat in Quires; this ſhall be a Song of Victory and Honour, above all the Honours of the Earth; being conferred by ſo Great, ſo Wiſe, ſo Holy, and ſo Authentick Perſons. Altho' the Honour and Applauſe which the juſt receive in Heaven from the Citizens of that holy City be incomparable; yet that Honour and reſpect, with which God himſelf ſhall treat them, is far above it; it is expreſſed in no meaner ſimilitude than that of the Honour done by the Servant unto his Lord; and therefore it's ſaid, that God himſelf ſhall as it were ſerve the bleſſed in Heaven at their Table.

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Table. It's much amongſt Men to be ſeated at the Table of a Prince; but for a King to ſerve his Vaſſal, as if he himſelf were his Servant, who ever heard it?

DAVID, when he cauſed *Mephiboſheth*, (altho' the Grandchild of a King, and the Son of an excellent Prince, unto whom *David* ought his Life) to ſit at his Table, he thought he did him a ſingular Honour; but this favour never extended to wait on him. The Honour which God beſtows upon the Juſt, exceeds all Human Imaginations; who, not ſatisfied with Crowning all the Bleſſed with his own Divinity, giving himſelf to be poſſeſſed and enjoy'd by them for all *Eternity*, does alſo honour their *Victories* and *Heroick Actions* with new Crowns.

THE Juſt ſhall ſhine like the Stars in the Firmament; and if the leaſt Saint in Heaven ſhall ſhine ſeven times more than the Sun, what ſhall that Light be, which ſhall out-ſhine ſo many Suns? *Apoc.* 1.21

THE Honour of the Juſt in Heaven depends not, like that of the Earth, upon accidents and reports, nor is expoſed to dangers, or meaſured by the diſcourſe of others; but in it ſelf contains its own Glory and Dignity. The *Romans* erected Statues unto thoſe, whom they intended to Honour, becauſe, being Mortal, their ſhould

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something remain after Death, to make their Persons and Services, which they had done to the Common-weal, known to Posterity: but in Heaven there is no need of this Artifice, because those, which are there Honoured, are Immortal, and shall have in themselves some Character engraved, as an evident and clear token of their noble Victories and Atchievements: What greater Honour, than to be Friends of God, Sons, Heirs, and Kings in the Realm of Heaven?

Apoc. 4. SAINT *John* in his *Apocalypse* sets forth this Honour of the Blessed, in the twenty four Elders, who were placed about the Throne of God; and in that Honour and Majesty, as every one was seated in his Presence, and that upon a Throne, Cloathed in White Garments, in sign of their perpetual joy, and Crowned with a Crown of Gold, in respect of their Dignities. To be covered in the Presence of Kings is the greatest Honour they confer upon the chiefest Grandees; but God causes his Servants to be Crowned and seated upon Thrones before him; and our Saviour in the Day of Judgment makes his Disciples his Fellow Judges. Certainly greater Honour cannot be imagined than that, which the Just receive in Heaven; for if we look upon him who Honours, it is God; if

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if with what, with no leſs joy than his own Divinity, and other moſt ſublime Gifts; if before whom, before the whole Theatre of Heaven; if the continuance, for all Eternity: Therefore let us ſo diſpoſe of our Lives here, and Live ſo Righteouſly and Holily, that we may be thought worthy of that Crown of Glory which he hath prepared for all thoſe who Love and Serve him.

CHAP. III.

Of the Riches of the Eternal Kingdom of Heaven.

THE Riches in Heaven are no leſs than the Honours; tho thoſe are, as hath been ſaid, Ineſtimable. There can be no greater Riches than to want nothing which is good, nor to need any thing which can be deſired: and in that bleſſed Life no good ſhall fail, nor no deſire be unſatisfied; if (as the Philoſophers ſay) he is not Rich who poſſeſſeth much, but he who deſires nothing; there being in Heaven no deſire unaccompliſhed, there muſt needs be great Riches; it was a Poſition of the *Stoicks*, that he was not Poor who wanted, but

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but he who was neceſſitated; ſince then in the Celeſtial Kingdom there is neceſſity of nothing, moſt Rich is he who enters into it; by reaſon of theſe Divine Riches, Chriſt our Saviour when he ſpeaks in his Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven doth ſometimes call it, *the hidden Treaſure, the precious Pearls*; for if Divine Happineſs conſiſts in the eternal poſſeſſion of God, what Riches may be compared with his who enjoys him? And what Inheritance to that of the Kingdom of Heaven? And what poſſeſſion more precious than the Divinity, and what more to be deſired than the Creator of all things precious, who gives himſelf for a Poſſeſſion and Riches unto the Saints, to the end they ſhould abhor thoſe Riches which are Temporal, if by them the *Eternal* are endanger'd?

BESIDES the poſſeſſion of God, the Juſt ſhall Reign with Chriſt Eternally in the Kingdom of Heaven; whoſe Riches muſt needs be immenſe, ſince they are to be Kings of ſo great and ample a Kingdom; if the Earth compared with Heaven be but a point, and yet contains ſo many Kingdoms; what ſhall that be which is but one Kingdom, and yet extended over the whole Heavens? Some famous Mathematicians ſay of the Empyreal Heaven, that it

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it is ſo great, that if God ſhould allow unto every one of the bleſſed a greater ſpace than the whole Earth, yet there would remain as much more to give unto others; and that the capaciouſneſs of this Heaven is ſo great, that it contains more than Ten thouſand and fourteen Millions of Miles: What wonder will it be to ſee a City ſo great, of ſo precious matter! Divines confeſs the capaciouſneſs of this Heaven to be immenſe, but are more willing to admire it, than bold to meaſure it. It is all compoſed of Matter far more beautiful, and precious than Gold, Pearl and Diamonds; the Heavens which we diſcover, with the Sun and all the other Stars, are but the Pavement of the Eternal Firmament; the inhabitants thereof tread under their Feet the front of the brighteſt Stars: The Sun and Moon were made to give light to this low Elementary World, the Heavenly Lamb is the Lamp which doth lighten the Eternal *Sion*, the Manſion of Glory; what ſhall that place be, where the Saints in the light of Glory ſee the increated and inacceſſible light of the Deity!

Jo. Gaiter in Peregrina.

IT'S called a Kingdom, for its immenſe greatneſs; and a City, for its great Beauty and Population; it's full of Inhabitants of all Nations and Conditions; where are many

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many Thouſands of Angels, an infinite number of the Juſt, even as many as have died ſince *Abel*; and thither alſo ſhall repair all who are to die unto the end of the World, and after Judgment ſhall there remain for ever inveſted in their Glorious Bodies: Neither ſhall this Populous City be Inhabited with mean and baſe People, but with Citizens ſo Noble, Rich, and Juſt, that all of them ſhall be moſt Holy and Wiſe Kings; how Happy ſhall it be to Live with ſuch Perſons! The Queen of *Sheba* only to ſee *Solomon*, came from the end of the Earth: To behold a King iſſue out of his Palace, all the people flock together; what ſhall it then be, not only to ſee, but to Live and Reign with many Angels, and converſe with ſo many Eminent and Holy Men? If there ſhould now deſcend from Heaven one of the Prophets or Apoſtles, with what Earneſtneſs and Admiration would every one ſtrive to ſee and hear him! In the other World we ſhall hear and ſee them all; how admirable will it be to ſee Thouſand of Thouſands in all their Beauty and greatneſs, and ſo many Glorious Bodies of Saints in all their Luſtre? If one Sun be ſufficient to clear up the whole World here below; what Joy ſhall it be to behold thoſe innumerable Suns in that Region of Light? THIS

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THIS Kingdom of God is not like other Kingdoms, which contain huge Deserts, inaccessible Mountains, and thick Woods, nor is it divided into many Cities and Villages, distant one from another; but this Kingdom, altho' a most spacious Region, is all one beautiful City; who would not wonder if all *England* were but one City, and that as beautiful as *Rome* in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*, who found it of Brick, and left it of Marble? What a sight were that of *Syria*, if all a *Jerusalem*? What shall then be the Celestial City of Saints, whose greatness possess the whole Heavens, and is, as the holy Scriptures describe, (to exaggerate the Riches of the Saints) all of Gold and precious Stones? The Gates of this City were, as Saint *John* says, one entire Pearl, and the Foundation of the Walls *Jasper*, *Saphire*, *Calcedon*, *Emerald*, *Topaz*, *Jacinth*, *Amethist*, and other most precious Stones; the Streets of Fine Gold, so pure as it seem'd Chrystal, joyning in one substance the firmness of Gold, and Transparency of Chrystal; and the Beauty both of one and the other: If all *England* were of *Saphire*, how would it amaze the World? how marvellous then will the holy City be, which tho' extended over so many Millions of Leagues, is all of Gold, Pearl, and

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and precious Stones, or to say better, of a Matter of far more value, and peopled with such a multitude of beautiful Citizens, who are as far above any imaginable number, as the capacity of this City is above any imaginable measure?

OF those incomparable Riches, the blessed are not only to be Lords, but Kings; neither is the Celestial measure, or this Kingdom of Heaven, less or poorer by having so many Lords and Kings; it's not like the Kingdoms on Earth, which permit but one King at once; and if divided, become of less Power and Majesty; but is of such condition, that it's wholly possessed by all in general; and by each one in particular; like the Sun which warms all and every one; and not one less because is warms many; the effects of Riches are much greater and more noble in Heaven, than they can be upon Earth: Wealth may serve us here to maintain our Power, Honours, and Delights; but all the Gold in the World cannot free us from Weakness, Infamy, or Pain; it cannot make a Calenture not to afflict us, or that the Pains of the Head or Gout do not molest us, or that Cares and Fears shall not break our Sleep; this only is to be had in Heaven; where their Power is so free from Weakness,

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ness, that one only Angel, without Army, Guns, Swords or Lance, could destroy at once One Hundred and Eighty Thousand. *Reg.* 4. 19.

BESIDES, it's to be considered, that the great Riches of the Saints are not like those of the Kings of the Earth, drawn from the Tributes imposed upon there Vassals, which, tho' Just, yet are not free from this ill condition; that what Enricheth the Prince, Impoverisheth the Subject; the Riches in Heaven have no such Blemish, they are burthensome to none; and what is given unto the Servants of Christ, who Reigns in Heaven, is not taken from any.

IF all the Earth were of Gold and all the Rivers of *Balsome*, and all the Rocks precious Stones, wouldst thou not say, that this is a great Treasure? Know, that a Treasure, which exceeds Gold as far as Gold doth Dirt; *Balsome*, Water; or precious Stones, Pebbles; remains as a reward for the Just.

WHEREFORE we ought to lift up our Souls, and alienate our affections from the frail Felicity of these temporal Goods of the Earth, and say with *David*, *Glorious things are said of thee, thou City of God; whatsoever pains and poverty we suffer here, we shall receive in Glory so much the greater Riches.*

HOW poor and narrow a Heart must that

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Christan have, who confines his Love to things present, sweating and toiling for a small part of the Goods of this World, which it self is so little! Why doth he content himself with some patch of the Earth, when he may be Lord of the whole Heavens? Let us not therefore who are to Die to morrow, afflict our selves for that which may perish sooner than we, let us not toil to enjoy that which we are shortly to leave, but let us lay up our Treasures in Heaven, that Kingdom of the blessed, where the Riches, Joys, and Comforts are Eternal, and can never be taken from us: I will therefore study to use this World with indifferency; and shall not be puffed up, when things succeed happily, nor dejected, when they fall out crosly, but shall bless God in all Conditions; whether I abound or want, whether Rich or Poor, I will bless the Lord at all times; his Praises shall be ever in my Mouth; I shall never complain of the necessities of this Life; since tho' all things fail me, the means of my Salvation will not fail me; for even that want may be a means to obtain it.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Of the greatness of Eternal Pleasures.

HONOUR, Profit, and Pleasures, are distinct Goods upon Earth, and are rarely found together; Honour is seldom a companion of Profit, or Profit of Pleasure, and so the Sick Man Drinks his Purge, because it's profitable, how bitter soever; the Pleasures of the World are for the most part mixed with some Shame, and oftentimes with Infamy; they are costly and expensive; we cannot entertain our Pleasures without diminishing our Wealth; it's not so in Eternal Goods, in which to be honest is to be profitable; and to be profitable delectable: Eternal Honours are accompanied with immense Riches, and they are both attended by Pleasures without end. All this is signified by the Lord when he received the faithful Servant into Glory; when he said, *well done good Servant and true; because thou hast been faithful in few things, I will place thee over many; enter into the joy of thy Lord.* First he honours him, commending him for a good and faithful Servant; then Enriches him, delivering many things into his Hands; and so admits

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mits him into the Joy and Pleasure of his Lord; thereby signifying the greatness of this Joy; not saying that this Joy should enter into him, but that he should enter into Joy, and into no other but that of his Lord. So great is the Joy of that Cælestial Paradise, that it wholly fills and embraces the blessed Souls with enter into Heaven as into an immense Sea of Pleasure and Delight. The Joys of the Earth enter into the Hearts of those who possess them, but fill them not; because the capacity of Mans Heart is greater than they can satisfie; but the Joys of Heaven in the Blessed, enter into themselves, and fill and overflow them in all parts.

THE Multitude of Joys in Heaven is joyned with their greatness; and so great they are, that the very least of them is sufficient to make us forget the greatest contents of the Earth; and so many they are, as that tho' a thousand times shorter, yet they would exceed all temporal Pleasures, tho' a thousand times longer; but joyning the abundance of those Eternal Joy with their immense greatness, that Eternal Bliss becomes ineffable. So great are the Joys of Heaven, that all the Arithmeticians of the Earth cannot number them; the Geometricians cannot measure them; nor the most

1 *Cor.* 2. *Isa.* 64.

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Learned in the World explicate them. The Juſt ſhall rejoyce in what is above them, which is the Viſion of God; in what is below them, which is the Beauty of Heaven, and the Bleſſed Souls; in what is within them, which is the Glorification of their Bodies; in what is with them, which is the company of Angels, and Men made perfect: God ſhall feaſt all their Senſes with unſpeakable delight; for he ſhall be their Object, and ſhall be a Mirror to the Sight, Muſick to the Ear, Sweetneſs to the Taſt, Balſome to the Smell, Flowers to the Touch; there ſhall be the clear Light of Summer, the Pleaſantneſs of the Spring, the abundance of Autumn, and the repoſe of Winter.

THE principal Joy of the Bleſſed is in the poſſeſſion of God, whom they behold clearly, as he is in himſelf; for as Honourable, Profitable, and Delectable, are not divided in Heaven; ſo the Bleſſed Souls have three Gifts, eſſential and inſeparable from that happy ſtate which correſpond to thoſe three kinds of Bleſſings, which the Learned call Viſion, Comprehenſion, and Fruition; the firſt conſiſts in the clear and diſtinct ſight of God, which is given to the Juſt, by which he receives an incomparable Honour, ſince his Works and Vertues are

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rewarded in the Presence of the Angels, with no less a Crown and recompence then is God himself. The second is the possession which the Soul hath of God, as of his Riches and Inheritance. The third is the ineffable Joy which accompanies this Sight and possession; which is so great, that neither the Blessed themselves, who have experience of it; nor the Angels in Heaven are able to declare it. This Joy hath two singular Qualities, by which we may in some sort conceive the immensity of it: The first, that it's so powerful that it excludes all Evil, Pains and Grief: This only is so great a good, that many of the Philosophers held it for the chief Felicity of Man; but herein was their Error, that they judged that to be the Good it self, which was but an effect or consequence of it: For so powerful is that Love and Joy which springs from the clear Vision of God, that it's sufficient to convert Hell into Glory; in so much, as if to the most Tormented Soul in Hell, were added all the Torments of the rest of the Damned, both Men and Devils, and that God should vouchsafe him but one glimpse of his Knowledg, that only clear Vision, tho' in the lowest degree, were sufficient to free him from all those Evils, both of Sin and Pain; there

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there is no Joy in this World ſo intenſe, which can ſuſpend the Grief we ſuffer from a Finger that is ſawing off. Griefs do more eaſily bereave us of the Senſe of Pleaſure, than Pleaſures do of Pains; yet ſuch is the greatneſs of that Sovereign Joy in Heaven, that it alone is ſufficient to drown all the Grief and Torments both in Earth and Hell; and there is no Pain in the World able to diminiſh the leaſt part of it.

ALL thoſe Joys of the Bleſſed, both in Soul and Body, which are innumerable, have their ſourſe and Original from that unſpeakable Joy of the clear Viſion of God.

AND how can the Joy be leſs which proceeds from ſuch a cauſe, who gives himſelf to be poſſeſſed by Men? that Joy being the very ſame which God injoyes and which ſuffices to make God himſelf Bleſſed with a Bleſſedneſs equal to himſelf. Therefore not without great Myſtery, it's ſaid, *enter into the joy of thy Lord*: It's not ſaid ſimply into Joy; but to determin the greatneſs of it, it was his own Joy, that Joy by which he himſelf becomes Happy.

WE are to conſider, that there is nothing in this World, which hath not for its end ſome manner of Perfection: And that thoſe things which are capable of Reaſon and Knowledg, have in that Perfection a

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particuler Joy and complacency ; which Joy is greater or leſſer, according as that end is more or leſs perfect. Since therefore the Divine Perfection is infinitely greater than that of all the Creatures, the Joy of God, which is in himſelf (for he hath no end or perfection diſtinct from himſelf) is infinitely greater than that of all things beſides ; this Joy, out of his infinite goodneſs he hath been pleaſed to make the holy Angels and bleſſed Souls partakers of, communicating unto the Juſt his own Felicity. Therefore the Joy of Saints, which is that of the Beatifical Viſion, wherein conſiſts the Joy and Happineſs of God, muſt needs be infinite and ineffable ; and all the Happineſs and contents of this World, in reſpect of it, are bitter as *Aloes* or *Wormwood*: By how much a delectable Object is more nearly and ſtraightly united to the Faculty ; by ſo much greater is the Joy and Delight which it produces: Therefore God, who is the moſt excellent and delightful Object being in the beatifical Viſion united to the Soul with the moſt intimate Union that can be in a pure Creature, muſt neceſſarily cauſe a moſt inexplicable Joy, incomparably greater than all the Joys real or imaginable, which can be produced by the Crea-

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Creatures now existent, or possible: For as the Divine Perfection incloseth within it self all the Perfections of things Created possible and imaginable, so the Joy which it causeth in the Souls of the Blessed, must be infinitely greater than all other Joys; which either have or can be caused by the Creature. If there were in the World a Man as wise as an Angel, we would all desire to see him, as the Queen of *Sheba* did *Solomon*: But if to this Wisdom were joyned the Strength of *Sampson*, the Victories of *Machabeus*, the Affability of *David*, the Friendliness of *Jonathan*, the Liberality of the Emperor *Titus*, and to all this the Beauty and Comliness of *Absolom*; who would not Love, and desire to Live and converse with this admirable Person? Why then do we not Love the sight of God, in whom all those Perfections and Graces are infinitely united, and which we our selves, if we serve him, are to enjoy, as if they were our own;

O how great and delightful a Theater shall it be to see God as he is with all his infinite Perfections, and the Perfections of all Creatures, which are eminently contained in the Deity! How admirable were that Spectacle, where were represented all that are or have been pleasant or admirable in the

the World! If one were placed, were he might behold the seven Wonders of the World, the Sumptuaus Banquets made by *Ahasuerus*, the rare Shows exhibited by the *Romans* the Wealth of *Cræsus*, the *Assyrian* and *Roman* Monarchs, and all these joyntly together, who would not be transported with joy and wonder at so admirable a sight? But more happy were he upon whom all these were bestowed, together with a Thousand years of Life, wherein to enjoy them: Yet all these were nothing in respect of the Beatifical Vision of God, in whom those and all the perfections, that either are or have been, or possibly can be, are contained; whatever else is great and delightful in the World, together with all the Pleasure and perfections that all the men of the World, have obtained, or shall obtain to the Worlds end; all the Wisdom of *Solomon*, all the Sciences of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, all the strength of *Aristomenes* and *Milo*, all the Beauty of *Paris* and *Adonis*; if they should give all these to one person, it would have no comparison, and would seem a loathsome thing, being compared only to the delight which will be enjoyed in seeing God for all Eternity, because in him will be seen a Theatre of bliss and greatness, wherein are compri-

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ſed as in one, the greatneſs of all Creatures: In him will be found all the Riches of Gold the delightfulneſs of the Meadows, the brightneſs of the Sun, the Pleaſantneſs of Muſick, the Beauty af the Heavens, the comfortable Smell of Amber, the contentedneſs of all the Senſes, and all that can be either admired or enjoyed.

TO this may be added, that this ineſtimable joy of the Viſion of God, is to be multiplied into innumerable othere joys, into as many as there are bleſſed Spirits and Souls, which ſhall enjoy the ſight of God; in regard every one is to have a particular contentment of the bliſs of every one; and becauſe the bleſſed Spirits and Souls are innumerable, the joys likewiſe of every one will be innumerable: For as every Saint ſhall love another equally as himſelf, ſo he ſhall receive equal joy from his happineſs to that of his own: And if he ſhall rejoyce in the happineſs of thoſe equal unto himſelf, how much ſhall he rejoyce, in the happineſs of God, whom he loves better than himſelf?

LET us therefore rejoyce, whoere Chriſtians, unto whom ſo great Bleſſings are promiſed; let us rejoyce that Heaven was made for us, and let this hope baniſh all ſadneſs from our Hearts; let thoſe grieve and be melancholy who have no hope of Heaven,

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Heaven, and not we, unto whom Christ hath promised the blessedness of his Glory: Let this hope comfort us, this joy refresh us; and let us now begin to enjoy that here, which we are ever hereafter to possess, for Hope is an anticipation of joy; upon this we ought to please all our thoughts, turning our Eyes from all the Goods and Delights of the Earth: From hence I will shut up the Windows of my Senses; the things of the Earth seeming unto me unworthy to be looked upon, after the Contemplation of the Heavenly, in the hope whereof I will only rejoyce: *O Father of Light grant me the Light of thy Glory, that one day I may clearly see that which I now believe by the Light of Faith. O Eternal Word, bestow thy self upon me, that I may possess in Heaven, that which I see by hope upon Earth. O Holy Ghost, make me partaker of thine infinite beauty; to the end I may one day enjoy that which I now embrace by Charity. Lord, I am wholly thine, be thou wholly mine; thou art my Eternity, thou art my Salvation and Hope; grant Lord that I may praise thee Everlasting by: I desire nothing in Heaven or Earth but thy self, for thou art the God of my Heart, and the only part which I pretend unto in the Eternity of Eternities.*

CHAP

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CHAP. V.

The Excellency and Happiness of the Souls and Bodies of the Just in the Life Eternal.

WHEN the *Hebrews* would express a Blessed Person, they did not call him blessed in the singular, but Blessings in the abstract and Plural; and so in the first *Psalm* in place of *Beatus*, the *Hebrews* say *Beatitudes*; and certainly with much reason, since the blessed enjoy as many Blessings, as they have Powers or Senses; Blessings in their Understanding, Will, and Memory; Blessings in their Sight, Hearing, Smell, Tast, and Touch; the Understanding shall live there with a clear and supream Wisdom; the Will with an inflamed Love; the Memory with an Eternal representation of the Good which is past; the Senses with a continual delectation in their Objects; finally, all that is man shall live in a perpetual Joy, Comfort, and Blessedness.

AND to begin with the Life and Joy of the Uuderstanding; the Blessed, besides that supreme and clear Knowledge of the Creator, shall know the Divine Mysteries, the

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the Secrets of Providence, the frame and making of the World, the whole Artifice of Nature, the motions of the Stars, the properties of the Planets, and of all created Entities, all which they ſhall not only know joyntly and in maſs, but clearly and diſtinctly without confuſion; this ſhall be the Life of the Underſtanding, which ſhall feaſt it ſelf with ſo high and certain Truths: The knowledg of the greateſt wiſe Men and Philoſophers of the World even in things Natural, is full of Ignorance and Deceit, becauſe they know not the ſubſtance of things, but through the ſhell of Accidents; ſo as the moſt ſimple Peaſant arriving at the height of Glory, ſhall be repleniſhed with a knowledg, in reſpect of which, the Wiſdom of *Solomon* and *Ariſtotle* were but Ignoance and Barbariſm.

WHAT content were it to behold all the wiſe Men of the World, and the principal Inventers and Maſters of Sciences and Faculties, met together in one Room, *Adam, Abraham, Moſes, Solomon, Zoroaſtres, Plato, Socrates, Ariſtotle, Pythagoras, Homer, Triſmegiſtus, Solon, Lycurgus, Hypocrates, Euclides, Archimedes*, and all the Doctors of the Church? How venerable, were this *Junctio*? How admirable this Aſſembly?

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Aſſembly? And what Journeys would Men make to behold them? If then to ſee ſuch imperfect ſcraps of knowledg divided amongſt ſo many Men, would cauſe ſo great Admiration, what ſhall be the joy of the bleſſed, when each particular perſon ſhall ſee his own Underſtauding furniſhed with that true and perfect Wiſdom whereof all theirs is but a ſhadow? Who can expreſs the joy they ſhall receive by the knowledg of ſo many Truths? What contentment would it be to one, if at once they ſhould ſhew unto him, whatever there is, and what is done in the whole Earth? The fair Buildings, the Fruit-Trees of ſo great diverſity, all living Creatures of ſo great variety, all the Birds, the Fiſhes, the Metals ſo rich all People and Nations fartheſt remote? Certainly it would be a ſight of wonderful ſatisfaction. But what will it be to ſee all this, whatſoever there is in the Earth, together with all that there is in Heaven, and above Heaven? Some Philoſophers in the diſcovery of a natural Truth, or the invention of ſome rare curioſity, have been tranſported with a greater joy and content, than their Senſes were capable of; for this *Ariſtotle* ſpent ſo many ſleepleſs Nights; for this Ppthagoras travelled into ſo many

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ſtrange Nations; for this *Cartes* deprived himſelf of all his Wealth; and *Archimedes* never removed his Thoughts Night nor day from the Inquiſition of ſome Mathematical Demonſtration: He ſpent many days in finding out by his Mathematical Riches, how much Gold would ſerve to guild a Crown of Silver; and having found it, he fetched divers skips and cried out, I have found it, I have found it; if then the finding out of ſo mean a Truth, could ſo tranſport this great Artiſt; what joy ſhall the Saints receive, when God ſhall diſcover unto them thoſe high Secrets, and above all, that ſublime Myſtery of the Trinity of Perſons in the Unity of Eſſence? The Bleſſed ſhall receive more Knowledg in one inſtant, than the Wiſe of the World have obtained with all their Watchings, Travels and Experiences. *Ariſtotle* for the great love he bore to Knowledg, held, That the chief Felicity of Man conſiſted in Contemplation; if he found ſo great Joy in Natural Speculation, what ſhall we find in Divine, and the clear Viſion of God? As the Underſtanding ſhall be applied to the Prime Truth, which is God himſelf; ſo ſhall the beatified Will be inſeparably joyned to the Eſſence of the Divine Goodneſs; there

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there ſhall the Memory alſo Live, repreſenting unto us the Divine Benefits, and rendring Eternal Thanks unto the Author of all; the Soul rejoycing in its own Happineſs, to have received ſo great Mercies for ſo ſmall Merits; and remembring the dangers from which it hath been freed by Divine Favour, it ſhall ſing that Verſe in the Pſalm, *The ſnare is broken, and we are delivered*: The remembrance of the Acts of Virtue and Good Works, ſhall be a particular joy unto the Bleſſed, both in reſpect they were a means of our Happinſs, as alſo of pleaſing ſo Gracious and Good a Lord.

IN Heaven we ſhall not only Joy in the memory of thoſe Things, wherein we have pleaſed God in complying with his holy Will, and in ordering and diſpoſing our Life in his Service, but in the troubles alſo and dangers we have paſt: The Memory of Death is bitter to thoſe who are to die; but unto the Juſt, who have already paſt it, and are ſecure in Heaven, nothing can be more pleaſant, who now to their unſpeakable Joy, know themſelves to be free from Death, Infirmity, and Danger.

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THERE also shall live the Will, rejoycing to see all its desires accomplished, with the abundance and sweet Society of so many Felicities; being necessitated to Love so admirable a Beauty, as the Soul enjoys and possesses in God Almighty: Loves, makes all Things sweet; and as it is a Torment to be separated from what one Love, so it's a great Joy and Felicity to remain with the Beloved; and therefore the Blessed, loving God more than themselves, how unspeakable a Comfort must it be to enjoy God, and the Society of those whom they so much affect? The Love of the Mother makes her delight more in the sight of her own Son, tho' foul and of worse Conditions, than that of his Neighbours: The Love then of the Saints one towards another, being greater than that of Mothers to their Children; and every one of them being so perfect and worthy to be beloved, and every one enjoying the sight of the same God, how comfortable must be their Conversation? *Seneca* said, that the possession of what good soever was not pleasing without a Partner: The possession then of the chief Good, must be much more delightful with the Society of such excellent Companions, If a Man were to remain alone

alone for many Years in some Beautiful Palace, it would not please him so well as a Desart with Company; but the City of God is full of most Noble Citizens, who are all sharers of the same Blessedness. This Conversation also being with wise and holy Personages, shall much increase their Joy; for if one of the greatest Troubles of Human Life, be to suffer the ill Conditions, Follies, and Impertinences of Rude and Ill-bred People; and the greatest content to converse with Sweet, Pious, and Learned Friends; what shall that Divine Conversation be in Heaven, where there is none Ill Conditioned, none Impious, none Froward, but at Peace, Piety, Love, and Sweetness? Every one shall then rejoyce, as much in the Felicity of another, as in his own ineffable Joy; and shall possess as many Joys, as he shall find Companions; there are all Things which are necessary or delightful, all Riches, Ease and Comfort; where God is, nothing is wanting; all there know God without Error, behold him without end, Praise him without Weariness, Love him without Tediousness, and in this Love repose themselves in God; besides all this, the security, which the Will shall have in the Eternal Possession of this Felicity, is an

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unspeakable Joy. The Fear that the good things, which we enjoy, are to end, or at least may end, mingle Worm-wood with our Joys; and Pleasures do not relish, where there is danger; but this Cælestial Happiness, being Eternal, neither shall nor can end, diminish or be endangered, but with this security adds a new Joy unto those others of the Saints.

BESIDES the Powers of the Soul, the Senses also shall live, nourished with the Food of most proportionable and delightful Objects; the Eyes shall ever be recreated with the Light of the most Glorious and Beautiful Bodies of the Saints; one Sun suffices to chear up the whole World; what joy then shall one of the Blessed conceive in beholding as many Suns, as there are Saints; and in seeing himself one of them?

BUT aboveall, with what content and Admiration shall we behold the Glorious Body of Christ our Redeemer, in comparison of whose Splendor, that of all the Saints shall be as a darkness, from whose Wounds shall issue forth Rays of a particular Brightness? Besides all this, the Glory and Greatness of the Empyræal Heaven, and the Lustre of that Cælestial City, shall infinitely delight the blessed Citizens; the Ears shall be filled with most

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most Harmonious Musick, as may be gathered from many Places of the Scripture; If the Harp of *David* delighted *Saul* so much, as it asswaged the Fury of his Passions, cast forth Devils, and freed him of that Melancholy, whereof the wicked Spirit made use; and that the Lyre of *Orpheus* wrought such Wonders both with Men and Beasts; what shall the Harmony of Heaven do? What delight then will it be, not only to hear the voice of one Instrument, played upon by an Angel, but all the Voices of Thousands of Angels, together with the admirable Melody of Musical Instruments? What sweetness will it be to hear so many Heavenly Musicians, those Millions of Angels, which will be sounding forth their Hallelujahs unto the great God of Heaven and Earth? O how I desire to be freed from this Body, that I might hear and enjoy it: Happy were I, and for ever Happy, if after Death I might hear the Melody of those Hymns and Hallelujahs which the Citizens of that Cœlestial Habitation, and the Squadrons of those blessed Spirits sing in Praise of the Eternal King; This is that sweet Musick which Saint *John* heard in the *Apocalypse*, when the Inhabitants of Heaven sung, *Let all the World bless thee, O Lord;*

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to thee be given all Honour and Dominion for a World of Worlds. Amen.

THE Smell shall be feasted with the Odour, which issues from those Beautiful Bodies, more Sweet than Musk or Amber; and from the whole Heaven, more fragrant than Jessamines or Roses.

THE Taste also in that blessed Country, shall not want the delight of its proper Object: For altho' the Saints shall not there feed, which were to necessitate that happy State unto something besides it self; yet they shall have the delight of Meat, without the Trouble of Eating, by reason of the great delicacy of this Celestial Taste. The Glory of the Saints is often signified in Holy Scripture, under the Name of a Supper, Banquet, Manna; it cannot be expressed, how great shall be the delight and sweetness of Taste, which Eternally shall be found in Heaven. If *Esau* sold his Birth-right for a Dish of Lentile Pottage; well may we mortifie our Taste here upon Earth, that we may enjoy that perfect and incomparable one in Heaven.

THE Touch also shall there receive a most delightful Entertainment: all they tread upon shall seem unto the Just to be Flowers; and the whole dispositions of their

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their Bodies ſhall be ordered with a moſt exquiſite Temperature: For as the Torments of the Damned in Hell, are moſt expreſſed in that Senſe; ſo the Bodies of the bleſſed in Heaven ſhall in that Senſe receive a ſpecial Joy and Refreſhment: And as the heat of that infernal Fire, without light, is to penetrate even to the Entrails of thoſe miſerable Perſons; ſo the Brightneſs of the Cæleſtial Light is to penetrate the Bodies of the Bleſſed, and fill them with an incomparable Delight and Sweetneſs, all and every part of the Body in general and particular, ſhall be ſenſible of a moſt admirable Pleaſure and Content.

THE Humanity of Chriſt our Redeemer, is to be the chief and principal Joy of all the Senſes; and therefore as the Intellectual Knowledg of the Divinity of Chriſt is the Joy and Eſſential Reward of the Soul; ſo the ſenſitive Knowledg of the Humanity of Chriſt is the chief and and Eſſential Joy of the Senſes, and the utmoſt end and Felicity whereunto they can aſpire; this it ſeems was meant by our Saviour in Saint *John*, where ſpeaking unto the Father, he ſaid, *This is Life Eternal, that is, Eſſential Bleſſedneſs, that they know thee the only true God* (in which

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is included the Essential Glory of the Soul) *and him whom thou hast sent, Jesus Christ,* in which is included the Essential Blessedness of the Senses.

IT's also much to be observed, that the blessed Souls shall be Crowned with some particular Joys, which the very Angels are not capable of; for they only shall receive the Crown of Martyrdom, since no Angel can have the Glory to have shed his Blood and died for Christ; neither to have overcome the Flesh, and by Combate and Wrestlings subjected it unto Reason: Men shall have the Glory of their Bodies, and Joy of their Senses, which the Angels cannot; for as they want the one Joy of the Spirit, which is the Flesh; so they must want the Glory of the Victory: Neither shall they have this great Joy of Mankind, in being redeemed by Christ from sin, and from as many Damnations into Hell, as they have commited Sins; and to see themselves now freed and secure from that horrid Evil, and so many Enemies of the Soul, which they had, which must needs produce a most unspeakable Joy.

THE Souls of the blessed shall not only be Glorious, but their very Bodies shall be filled with Glory, and invested with a Light seven times Brighter than that of the Sun;

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Sun; for altho' it be said in the Gospel, *That the just shall Shine as the Sun*; yet *Isaiah* the Prophet says, That the Sun in those days shall Shine seven times more than it now doth. This Light being the most beautiful and excellent of Corporeal qualities, shall Cloath the Just as with a Garment of most exceeding Lustre and Glory. What Emperor was ever clad in such a Purple? What Human Majesty ever cast forth Beams of such Splendor?

HEROD upon the Day of his greatest magnificence, could only cloath himself in a Robe of Silver, admirably wrought, which did not shine of it self, but by reflexion of the Sun Beams, which then in his rising cast his Rayes upon it; and yet this little glittering was sufficient to make the People to salute him as a God: What admiration shall it then cause to behold the Glorious Body of a Saint, not cloathed in Gold and Purple, not adorned with Diamonds or Rubies, but more resplendent than the Sun it self? Put all the brightest Diamonds together, all the fairest Rubies, all the most beautiful Carbuncles, let an Imperial Robe be Embroidered with them all; all this will be no more than as Coals in respect of a Glorious Body; which shall be all transparent bright and resplendent,

far

far more, than if it were set with Diamonds: The Garments which we wear here, how Rich soever are rather an affront and disgrace unto us, than an Ornament, since they argue an imperfection and a necessity of our Bodies, which we are forced to supply with something of another Nature; besides, our Cloaths were given as a Mark of *Adam*'s fall in Paradise, and we wear them as a Penance injoyned for his Sin: What Fool is so sottish as to bestow precious Trimming upon a Penitential Garment?

BUT such are not the Ornaments of the Saints in Heaven; their Lustre is their own, not borrowed from their Garments, but within themselves; each part of them being more transparent than Chrystal, and brighter than the Sun. It's recounted in the *Apocalypse* as a great Wonder, *That a Woman was seen cloathed with the Sun, and Crowned with Twelve Stars*: This indeed was far more Glorious than any Ornament upon Earth; yet this is short of the Ornament of the Saints, whose Lustre is proper to themselves, intrinsecally their own; not taken and borrowed from something without them, as was that of the Woman's. The State and Majesty with which this Gift of splendor shall adorn the Saints, shall be incomparably greater than that of the

the mightiest Kings. It were a great Majesty in a Prince, when he issues forth of his Palace by Night to be attended by a Thousand Pages, each having a lighted Torch; but were those Torches Stars, it were nothing to the State and Glory of a Saint in Heaven, who carries with him a Light equal to that of the Sun seven times doubled; and what greater Glory, than not to need the Sun which the whole World needs? Where the Just is, there shall be no Night; for whersoever he goes, he carries the Day along with him. Saint *Paul*, beholding the Gift of Charity in the Humanity of Christ, remained for some Days without Sense or Motion: Saint *John* only beholding it in the Face of our Saviour, fell down as if Dead, his mortal Eyes being not able to endure the Lustre of so great a Majesty. Saint *Peter*, because he saw something of it in the Transfiguration of Christ, was so Transported with the Glory of the place, that he had a desire to have continued there for ever. What sight more Glorious than to behold so many Saints, like so many Suns to shine with so incomparable Lustre and Beauty?

WHAT Light then will that of Heaven be, proceeding from so many Lights; or to speake more properly, from so many Suns;

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Suns? How great then ſhall the Clarity of that Holy City be, where many Suns do inhabit? And if by the ſight of every one in particular, their Joy ſhall be more augmented, by the ſight of a number, without number. What meaſure can that joy have, which reſults from ſo beautiful a ſpectacle?

THE Bodies of the Saints, endowed with this Light, which they receive from the gift of clarity, are impaſſible, and cannot ſuffer from any thing; they have an agility to move from place to place with ſpeed and ſubtilty like light; to have their way free and pervious through all places, and can penetrate whereſoever they pleaſe.

BY this Gift of impaſſibilty their Bodies are freed from all Miſeries, which our Bodies now ſuffer, the Cold of Winter, the Heat of Summer, Infirmities, Griefs, Tears, and the neceſſity of eating, which one neceſſity includes many others: Let us but conſider what cares and troubles Men undergo only to ſuſtain their Lives: The Labourer ſpends his Days in Plowing, Sowing, and Reaping; the Shepherd ſuffers cold and heat in watching of his Flock: What dangers are paſt in all Eſtates, only to be ſure to Eat? from all which the Gift of impaſſibility exempts the Juſt. The care

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care of Cloathing troubles us alſo little leſs than that of feeding; and that of preſerving the Health much more: For as our neceſſities are doubly increaſed by ſickneſs, ſo are our cares; from all which he who is impaſſible is free; and not only from the grief and pain of this Life, but if he ſhould enter into Hell, it would not burn one Hair of him: The gift of agility is moſt great; which eaſily appears by the troubles and inconveniences of a long Journy, which (howſoever we are accommodated) is not performed without much wearineſs, and oftentimes with danger both of Health and Life: A King tho' he paſs in a Coach or Litter, after the moſt eaſie and commodious way of travelling, muſt paſs over Rocks, Hills, and Rivers, and ſpend much time; but with the gift of agility, the glorious Bodies of the Saints, in the twinkling of an Eye, can traverſe all the Heavens, viſit the Earth, return unto the Sun and Firmament, and obſerve what is above the Stars in the Empyreal Heaven: To this noble gift of agility ſhall be annexed that of Subtilty, by which their glorious Bodies ſhall have their way free and pervious through all places; no impediment ſhall obſtruct their Motion; there ſhall be

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no enclosure or Prison to them: They shall with greater ease pase through the middle of a Rock, than an Arrow though the Air: Christ shewed the subtilty of his Glorious Body, while he issued out of his Tomb, not opening it; and entred into the Hall where the Apostles were, the Gates being shut.

FINALLY, the Servants of Christ shall be there so repleniſhed with all goods, both of Soul and Body, that there shall be nothing more for them to desire. What wouldest thou then my Body? What is it thou desirest my Soul? In Heaven you shall find all you desire: If you are pleased with Beauty, there the Just shine as the Sun; if you are pleased with any delight, there is not only one, but a Sea of Pleasure, which God keeps in store for the blessed, wherewith it shall quench their thirst. I will then from henceforth raise my desires unto that place, where only they can be accomplished: I will not be ambitious after things of the Earth, which cannot satisfie me, but I will look after those in Heaven, which are only great, only Eternal, and can only fill the capacity of my Heart.

WHAT an advantagious bargain would it be, if one could buy a Kingdom for

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a Straw? Yet ſo it is; for that which is no more than a Straw we may purchaſe the Kingdom of Heaven: Certainly all the Felicity, Riches, and Earthly Delights are no more then a Straw, compared with the glory of Heaven: How fooliſh would he be, who having a Basket full of Chips, would not give one of them for an hundred weight of Gold? This is the Vanity of Man, who for Earthly Goods will not receive thoſe of Heaven.

IF Men undergo and ſuffer ſuch hazards for a Kingdom, which is momentary, and that not for themſelves, but for another; what ought we to do for thoſe Eternal Riches which are to be our own, and for the Kingdom of Heaven, wherein we expect ſuch immenſe Honours, Riches and Pleaſures? Let us take Courage, it's the Kingdom of Heaven we hope for, Joys, Riches, and Honours Eternal, are thoſe which are promiſed us. What pity is it that for ſome ſhort Pleaſure, we ſhould loſe Joys ſo great and Eternal? Becauſe we will not bear ſome ſlight injury here, ſhould be deprived of Cæleſtial Honour there? For not reſtoring what we have unjuſtly taken, ſhould forfeit the Divine Riches of Heaven? That which the World offers in her beſt Pleaſures, is but Shells, Offals,

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Offals, and Parings; but that whereunto God invites, is a full Table; for which reaſon it's called in Scripture the great Supper, not a Dinner; becauſe after Dinner, we uſe to riſe and go about other Occaſions and Employments; but after Supper there are no more Labours, all is Reſt and Repoſe. The principal Diſh, which is ſerved in at this great Supper, is the clear Viſion of God, and all his Divine Perfections; after that a Thouſand Joys of the Soul in all its Powers and Faculties; then a Thouſand Pleaſures of the Senſes, with all the endowments of a Glorified Body: Thoſe latter are as it were the Deſert of this Divine Banquet; and if the Deſert be ſuch, what ſhall be the Subſtance of the Feaſt?

MY Lord, my God, when ſhall I ſee the Day, the happy Day, in which I ſhall come and appear in thy Heavenly Manſion, to Eat and Drink with Thee in thy Kingdom, and to ſit at thy Table; there to behold the Majeſty of thy Glory, which is the only Object of my Eternal Bliſs! O thou reſplendent Star of the Eaſt; let thy Eternal Light ſhine in the Horizon of my Soul; then all theſe thick Vapours of terrene Affections will be diſperſed: Lord, I have placed all my

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my hopes in Eternity; I find no more Rest here in these short moments, than the Dove *of the Deluge did upon the Waters. O God, thou art my Eternal Felicity; to Thee be Glory, Honour and Thanksgiving for ever, for evermore.* Amen.

CHAP. VI.

Consideration of Eternal Evils, and of the miserable state of the Damned.

THE Evils of Hell are truly Evils, and so purely such, that they have no mixture of Good; in that place of Unhappiness all is Eternal sorrow and complaint; there is no room for comfort, there shall not be the least good which may give ease; nor shall there want a concourse of all Evils, which may add Affliction; no Good is to be found there, where all Goods are wanting; neither can there be want of any Evil, where all Evils whatsoever are to be found; and by the want of all Good, and the Collection of all Evils, every Evil is Augmented. In the Creation of the World God gave a praise to every Nature, saying, *It was good*; but when all were Created and joyned

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ed together, he said, *they were very good:* Because the conjunction of many Goods, advances the good of each particular; and in the same manner the Conjunction of many Evils, makes them all worse: What shall Heaven then be, where there is a concourse of all Goods, and no Evils? And what Hell, where there are all Evils, and no Good? Certainly the one must be exceeding Good, and the other exceeding Evil. In Hell there is the pain of loss, and that so rigorous, that in depriving the Damned Soul of one only thing, they take from him all Good things; for they deprive him of God, in whom they are all comprised; he who is Condemned by Human Laws to the loss of his Goods, may, if he Live, gain others, at least in another Kingdom, if he fly thither; but he who is deprived of God, where shall he find another God? And who can flye from Hell? God is the greatest Good, and it's therefore the greatest Evil to be deprived of him, because Evil is the privation of Good; and that is to be esteemed the greatest Evil, which is a privation of the greatest Good, which is God; and must certainly therefore cause more Grief and resentment in the Damned, than all the Punishments and Torments

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Torments of Hell besides: And in regard there is in Hell an Eternal privation of God, who is the chief Good; the pains of loss, whereby one is deprived for ever of the greatest of all Goods, this privation will cause the greatest pain and Torment. If the burning of a Hand cause an insufferable pain; if a Bone displaced or out of Joynt, causeth intolerable Grief, how shall he be Tormented, and what pain shall he suffer, who is Eternally separated from God, who is the chief End for which Man was Created? I dare confidently say, the loss of Heaven, and the omission of Glory is far more bitter, than all those pains which are to be suffered in Hell: And this is such a loss, that the Sinner shall be deprived even of the hope of what is good, and shall be left for ever in that profound poverty and necessity, without expectation of remedy or relief; and what greater want can any one have, than to want all things, and even hope of obtaining any thing? We are amazed at the poverty of holy *Job*, who, from a Prince and a Rich Man, came to lye upon a Dunghil, having nothing left but a piece of a broken Pot to scrape away the putrefaction from his Sores; but even this shall fail the Damned, who would take it

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for a great *Regale*, to have a Dunghil for their Bed, instead of the burning Coals of that Eternal Fire. The Rich Glutton in the Gospel, accustomed to Drink in Cups of Crystal, to Eat in Silver, and to be Cloathed in Silks, and curious Linnen, can tell us how far this Infernal poverty extends, when he demanded not Wines of *Cadiz*, but a little cold Water, and that not in Cups of Gold, or Crystal, but upon the Fingers end of a Leper; this Rich Glutton came to such an Extremity, that he would esteem it a great Felicity that they would give him one drop of Water, altho it was from the Filthy and loathsome Finger of a Leper; and yet this was also wanting to him. Let the Rich of the World see to what poverty they are like to come; if they trust in their Riches, let them know they shall be Condemned to the loss of all which is good; let them reflect upon him who was accustomed to be Cloathed in precious Garments, to tread upon Carpets, to sleep upon Down, to dwell in spacious Palaces, now Naked, thrown upon burning Coals, and packt up in some narrow corner of that infernal Dungeon.

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AND this poverty or want of all good of the Damned, is accompanied with a moſt opprobrious infamy and diſhonour, when by publick Sentence they ſhall be deprived, for their enormous Offences, of Eternal Glory, and reprehended in the preſence of Saints and Angels, by the Lord of Heaven and Earth. A moſt intolerable thing is Hell, and moſt horrible are the Torments; yet if one ſhould place a thouſand Hells before me, nothing could be ſo horrible unto me, as to be excluded from the Honour of Glory, to be hated of Chriſt, and to hear from him theſe Words, *I know you not.*

THIS Infamy we may in ſome fort declare under the Example of a mighty King; who having no Heir to ſucceed him in his Kingdom, took up a Beautiful Boy at the Church Door, and nouriſhed him as his Son, and in his Teſtament commanded, that if at ripe years his Conditions were vertuous and ſuitable to his Calling, he ſhould be received as lawful King, and ſeated in his Royal Throne; but if he proved vicious and unfit for Government, they ſhould puniſh him with infamy, and ſend him to the Gallies; the Kingdom obeyed this Command, provided him excellent Tutors, but he became ſo unto-

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ward and ill inclined, that he would learn nothing, flung away his Books, ſpent his Time amongſt other Boys, in making Houſes of Dirt, and other Fooleries; for which his Governours chaſtiſed him, and adviſed him of what was fitting, and moſt imported him; but all did no good, only when they reprehended him he would weep; not becauſe he repented, but becauſe they hindred his ſport; and the next day did the ſame. The more he grew in Age, the worſe he became; and although they informed him of the King's Teſtament and what behoved him, all was to no purpoſe; until at laſt, all being weary of his ill Conditions, declared him unworthy to Reign, deſpoiled him of his Royal Ornaments, and condemned him with Infamy unto the Gallies: What greater ignominy can there be than this, to loſe a Kingdom. and to be made a Gally-Slave?

MORE Ignominious, and a more Lamentable Tragedy, is that of a Chriſtian condemned to Hell; who was taken by God from the Gates of Death, adopted his Son with condition, that if he kept his Commandment, he ſhould Reign in Heaven, and if not, he ſhould be condemned to Hell: Yet he forgetting thoſe Obligations without reſpect of his Tutors or Maſters, who

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who exhorted him both by their Doctrin and Example, what was fitting for a Child of God: But he neither moved by their Advice, nor the Chastisements of Heaven, by which God overthrew his vain intentions, and thwarted his unlawful Pleasures, only lamented his temporal losses, and not his offences; and at the time of his Death was sentenced to be deprived of the Kingdom of Heaven, and precipitated into Hell; What infamy can be greater than this of the Damned Soul?

IF it be a great Infamy to suffer Death by Human Justice, for some Crimes committed, how great an Infamy will it be to be condemned by Divine Justice, for a Traytor, and perfidious Rebel to God? Besides this bitterness of Pains, the damned Persons shall be Eternally branded with the infamy of their Offences; so that they shall be scorned and scoffed at by the Devils themselves; Men and Angels shall detest them, as Infamous and Wicked Traytors to their King, God, and Redeemer; And as Fugitive Slaves are Marked and Cauterized with Burning Irons; so this Infamy, by some Mark of Uglineſs and Deformity, shall be stamped upon their Faces and Bodies, *Isa. c.* 13. so Ignominious shall be the Body of a Sin-

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ner, that when his Soul returns to enter it, it ſhall be amazed to behold it ſo terrible; and ſhall wiſh it were rather in the ſame State, as when it was half eaten up with Worms.

AND that which adds Miſery to their Calamity, they ſhall be baniſhed from Heaven, and made Priſoners in the profound Bowels of the Earth; a place moſt remote from Heaven, and the moſt calamitous of all others, where they ſhall neither ſee the Sun by Day, nor the Stars by Night; where all ſhall be Horror and Darkneſs, a Land covered with the obſcurity of Death, a Land of Sulphur and Burning Pitch, a Land of Peſtilence and Corruption: Into this Land of Puniſhment and Torments ſhall be baniſhed the Enemies of God.

WHAT a Grief will it be to ſee themſelves deprived of the Palaces of Heaven, the Society of Saints, and that happy Country of the living; where all is Peace, Charity and Joy; where all ſhines, all pleaſes, and all parts reſound with Hallelujahs? If the Damned had no other Puniſhment, than to ſee themſelves baniſh'd amongſt Devils, into a place not far diſtant from Heaven, ſad as Night, without the ſight or comfort of Sun or Moon for all Eternity,

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Eternity, it were a Torment insufferable.

IT was a great Tyranny in *Alexander*, after he had cut off the the Nose, Ears, and Lips of *Calistenes*, to cast so worthy a person into a Dungeon, only accompanied with a Dog; a Spectacle indeed lamentable, to see so discreet a Man used like a Brute, and not have the company of one who might comfort him; but the Damned would take it for a favour to have the company of Dogs or Lions, rather than that of their own Parents. *Senec.* *Suidas.*

THE Tyrants of *Joponia* invented a strange Torment for those, who confessed Christ; they hung them with their Heads downwards, half their Bodies into a hole digged in the Earth, which they filled with Snakes, Lizards, and other poisonous Virmin; but even those were better Companions, than those infernal Dragons of the Pit of Hell; whereunto not half, but the whole Body of the miserable Sinner shall be Plunged. The *Romans*, when they punish'd any as a Parricide, to express the hainousness of the Fact, shut him up in a Sack with a Serpent, an Ape, and a Cock; What a Horror shall it be in Hell, when a Damned Person shall be shut up with so many Millions of Devils? Here none will live near a Pest-house, or ill Neighbour; think

think upon what Neighbours there are in Hell. *Cato* Counselled those who were to take a Farm, to have a special care what Neighbours it had. *Themistocles* being to sell a certain Mannor, caused the Cryer to proclaim, that he had good Neighbours. How comes one then to purchase Hell at so dear a rate, as the price of his Soul, having such Cursed Neighbours, where all will abhor him? Their disquietness and ranting will be insufferable; and the very sight and uglines of them will affright and astonish him.

HOW grievous is the Banishment into that Place, where none wishes well nnto another? Where the Fathers hate their Sons, and the Sons abhor their Fathers? Where the Son shall say unto the Father, *Cursed be thou (Father) for all Eternity; because by an unjust Inheritance, thou hast been the cause of my Damnation:* And the Father shall answer him: *Cursed be thou Son; for to the end I might leave thee a Rich Inheritance, I stuck not to gain it by unjust means.*

IN other Banishments, when Parents or Friends meet in a Country far from home, they endeavour to Comfort one another; and even Enemies are then reconciled: But in this Banishment of Hell, Friends

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Friends abhor Friends, and Parents hate, and are hated by their Children.

TO this may be added, That in this Baniſhment of the Damned, the Exiles are not allowed the Liberty of other Baniſhed Perſons, who, within the Iſle or Region of Relegation, may go or move whither they pleaſe; but not ſo, the Damned in Hell; becauſe the place of their Exile is alſo a Priſon, a horrid and ſtinking Priſon, wherein many Millions of Souls ſhall for ever lye fetter'd in Chains: for Chains, or ſomething anſwerable unto them, ſhall not there be wanting: Whereupon its obſerved by the Learned, That the Wicked Spirits ſhall be faſtned to Fire, or certain Fiery Bodies, from which the pains which they ſhall receive, ſhall be incredible; being thereby deprived of their Natural Liberty, as it were fettered with Manacles and Bolts, ſo as they are not able to remove from that place of Miſery. It were a great Torment to have burning Irons caſt upon our Hands and Feet; but this and much more ſhall be in Hell, where thoſe Fiery Bodies, which are to ſerve inſtead of Shackles and Fetters, are to be of terrible forms, proportionable unto their Offences; and ſhall with their very ſight affright them.

Aug. lib. 1. de civitat. Dei. 10. Leſſ. de perfect. divin. lib. 13. c. 30.

BESIDES,

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BESIDES, the Bodies of the Damned, after the final Judgment paſt, ſhall be ſo ſtraitned and crowded together in that Infernal Dungeon, that the Holy Scripture compares them to Grapes in the Winepreſs, which preſs one another till they burſt. Moſt barbarous was that Torment inflicted upon ſome unfortunate Perſons; they put certain Rings of Iron, ſtuck full of ſharp Points of Needles, about their Arms and Feet, in ſuch manner as they could not move without pricking and wounding themſelves; then they compaſſed them about with Fire, to the end that ſtanding ſtill, they might be burnt alive; and if they ſtirred, the ſharp Points pierced the Fleſh with more intolerable pains, than the Fire: Whet ſhall then be the Torment of the Damned, where they ſhall burn Eternally without dying, and without poſſibility of removing from the place deſigned them? Where whatſoever they touch ſhall be Fire and Sulphur; into which their Bodies at the latter day ſhall be plunged: Neither ſhall unſavoury Smells, ſo proper unto Priſons, be wanting in that infernal Dungeon: For firſt, that Fire of Sulphur, being pent in without vent or reſpiration, ſhall ſend forth a poyſonous ſcent; and if a Match of Brimſtone be offen-

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offensive here, what shall such a Mass of that Stuff be in Hell? Secondly, The Bodies of the Damned shall cast forth a most horrible stink of themselves, and that more or less, according to the quality of their Sins.

ACTIOLINUS the Tyrant (as *Paulus Jovius* writes) had many Prisons full of Torments, Miseries, and ill Smells; in so much as Men took it for a Happiness rather to die, than to be Imprisoned; because being loaden with Irons, afflicted with Hunger, and Poysoned with the Pestilential Smell of those who died in Prison, and were not suffered to be removed, they came to end in a slow, but most cruel Death: But what were those Prisons to that of Hell, in respect of which they may be esteemed as Paradise, full of Jessamin, and Lillies?

WHATSOEVER Misery was suffered in *Actiolinus*'s Prison, was in this regard tolerable, because it was of no long continuance, being to last no longer than a short Life, and quite vanishing away at the hour of Death; but this Prison of the Damned is void of all Comfort; the Torments thereof are intolerable, because they are Eternal. Death cannot enter in there, neither can those that are entred

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entred, get out again; but they ſhall be Tormented for evermore, for evermore; What a fearful thing is this? They ſhall be Tormented for evermore.

IF one were caſt into ſome deep Dungeon, without Cloaths, expoſed to the inclemency of the Cold, and moiſture of the place, where he ſhould not ſee the Light of Heaven; ſhould have nothing to feed on, but once a day ſome little piece of hard Barley-bread; and that he were to continue there ſix Years, without ſpeaking or ſeeing of any Body; and not to ſleep on other Bed, but the cold Ground; what a Miſery were this? One Week of that Habitation would appear longer than a hundred years: Yet compare this with what ſhall be in the Baniſhment and Priſon of Hell; and you ſhall find the miſerable Life of that Man to be an Happineſs; there in all his troubles he ſhould not meet with any to ſcoff at his misfortune; none to Torment, and whip him; but in Hell he ſhall find both; the Devils ſhall not ceaſe to deride, whip and cruelly Torment him: There ſhould be no horrid ſights, no fearful Noiſes of Howlings, Groanings and Lamentations; in Hell the Eyes and Ears of the Damned ſhall never be free from ſuch affrights; there

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there ſhould be no Flames of Fire to Scorch him; in Hell they ſhall burn into his Bowels; there he might move and walk; in Hell not ſtir a Foot; there he may breath the Air without ſtink; in Hell he ſhall ſuck in nothing but Flames, Stink, and Sulphur; there he might hope for coming forth; in Hell there is no Redemption; there that little piece of hard Bread would ſeem every day a Dainty; but in Hell, in Millions of Years, his Eyes ſhall not behold a Crum of Bread, nor a drop of Water; but ſhall Eternally rage with Hunger and a burning Thirſt; this is to be the Calamity of that Land of Darkneſs.

O Divine Eternity, O Eternal Divinity, who haſt in thy Hands the extremities of the Earth, and who keeps the Keys of Eternal Life and Death; I am in thy Hands, as Clay in the Hands of the Potter, diſpoſe of me as thou pleaſeſt; I love Thee intirely, I cannot love Thee more, if I had the whole Univerſe to boot; for all that which is out of Thee, my God, and is not God, is as nothing to me: I love not Paradiſe it ſelf, but becauſe thou, my God, art there beloved. I know not how to love the Paradiſe of God, but only the God of Paradiſe:

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Paradise: And I put no less rate upon the Calvary, *where my Saviour was Crucified, than the Heaven, where he is glorified: O my God, thou art He whom I seek for; to thee only it is that I aspire; Yet henceforth I will not so much love the Eternity of God, as the God of Eternity, tho' it be the same Eternity, and that same Eternity be God himself: To whom be Glory, and Honour for ever and ever.* Amen.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Slavery and Pains Eternal.

THE Slavery of the Damned in Hell are such, that all their Senses and Powers of Soul and Body, are subject unto Eternal Pains and Torments; with their Touch, they are to serve that burning and never consuming Fire: With their Taste, Hunger and Thirst; with their Smell, Stink; with their Sight, those horrid and monstrous Shapes, which the Devils shall assume; with their Hearing, Scorns and Affronts; with their Imagination, Horror; with their Will, Loathsomness and Detestation; with their Memory, Despair; with their Understanding, con-

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confuſion, with ſuch a multitude of other puniſhments, as they ſhall want Eyes to weep for them.

Ælian Writes of *Trizus* the Tryant, that he commanded his Subjects not to ſpeak together; and when they uſed Signs, inſtead of Words, he alſo forbad Thoſe; whereupon the afflicted People met in the Market-place at leaſt to weep for their Misfortunes, but neither was that permitted; Greater ſhall be the rigour in Hell, where they ſhall neither be ſuffer'd to ſpeak a Word of Comfort, nor move Hand or Foot; nor eaſe their Hearts with Weeping; *Jeremias* the Prophet lamented with floods of Tears, that *Jeruſalem*, which was the Queen of Nations, ſhould be made a Slave and Tributary; What Tears are ſufficient to lament the Damnation of a poor Soul, who from an Heir and Prince of the Kingdom of Heaven, hath made himſelf a Slave to the Devil, and thoſe Eternal puniſhments in Hell, unto which he is to pay as many Tributes as he hath Senſes, Powers, and Members?

AS the Sla es of the Earth are whipt and puniſhed by their Maſters, ſo the Slaves of Hell are Tormented by the Devils, who have Power and Dominion over them; Children, as Slaves, are whip-

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ped and chastised by their Masters; so the Tormentors, making the Damned as their Slaves, lay upon them a Thousand Afflictions, Griefs, and Miseries; Every Member of their Body shall suffer greater Pain and Torment, than if it were Torn from the Body; if one cannot tell how to suffer a Tooth-ach, Head-ach, or the Pain of the Chollick, What will it be when there shall not be any Joynt, or the least part of the Body, which shall not cause him an intolerable Pain? Not only the Head, or Teeth, but also the Breast, Sides, Shoulders, the Back, the Heart and all the parts of the Body, even to the very Bones and Marrow. Who can express the number and greatness of their Torments, since all their Powers and Senses, Soul and Body, are to suffer in a most violent manner? Besides this, every Sense from his particular Object, shall receive a particular punishment.

THE Eyes shall not only be grieved with a Scorching Heat, but shall be Tormented with monstrous and horrible Figures; many are affrighted very much, passing through a Church-Yard, only for fear of seeing a Phantasm; in what a fright will be a miserable Damned Soul, which shall see so many, and of so horrid shapes?

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Their ſight alſo ſhall be Tormented with beholding the Puniſhment of their Friends and Kindred; *Ægeſippus* writes, that *Alexander*, the Son of *Hircanus*, reſolving to puniſh certain perſons with exemplary Rigour, cauſed Eight hundred to be Crucified; and whilſt they were yet alive, cauſed their Wives and Children to be Murdered before their Eyes; that ſo they might dye not once, but many Deaths. This Rigour ſhall not be wanting in Hell, where Fathers ſhall ſee their Sons, and Brothers their Brothers Tormented. The Torment of the Eyes ſhall be alſo very great, in regard that thoſe which have given others Scandal, and made others fall into Sin, ſhall ſee themſelves, and thoſe other, in that Abyſs of Torments. To the ſight of thoſe dreadful Apparitions ſhall be added the Horror, and fearful Darkneſs of the place. The Darkneſs of *Egypt* was ſaid to be horrible, becauſe there the *Egyptians* beheld fearful Figures, and Phantaſms, which terrified them; In the like manner, in that Infernal darkneſs, the Eyes ſhall be Tormented with the Monſtrous Figures of the wicked Spirits, which ſhall appear much more dreadful, by reaſon of the obſcurity and ſadneſs of that Eternal Night.

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THE Hearing ſhall not only be afflicted by an intolerable pain, cauſed by that ever burning and penetrating Fire, but alſo with the fearful and amazing Noiſes of Thunders, Howlings, Clamours, Groans, Curſes and Blaſphemies. *Sylla*, being Dictator, cauſed Six thouſand Perſons to be incloſed in the *Circus*; and then appointing the Senate to Meet in a Temple cloſe by, where he intended to ſpeak unto them about his own Affairs; to ſtrike the greater Terror into them, and make them know he was their Maſter, he gave order that ſo ſoon as he began his Oration, the Souldiers ſhould kill this Multitude of People; which was effected: Upon which were heard ſuch Lamentations, Out-cries, Groans, Claſhing of Armour, and Blows of thoſe mercileſs Homicides, that the Senators could not hear a Word, but ſtood amazed with Terror of ſo horrid a Fact. What ſhall be the Harmony of Hell, where the Ears ſhall be deafned with the Cries and Complaints of the Damned? What Confuſion and Horror ſhall it breed to hear all Lament, all Complain, all Curſe and Blaſpheme, through the Bitterneſs of the Torments which they ſuffer?

But the Damned ſhall principally be affrighted,

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affrighted, and ſhall quake to hear the Thunder-clap of the Wrath of God, which ſhall continually reſound in their Ears. *Whereas the Juſt*, ſaith the Royal Prophet, *ſhall be in the Eternal memory of God, and ſhall not fear the dreadful Crack of his wrath.*

THE Smell ſhall alſo be Tormented with a moſt Peſtilential ſtink. Horrible was that Torment uſed by *Mezentius*, to tye a Living Body to a Dead, and there to leave them, until the Infection and putrified Exhalations of the Dead had killed the Living: What can be more abominable than for a living Man to have his Mouth laid cloſe to that of a dead one, full of Grubs and Worms, where the living muſt receive all thoſe Peſtilential Vapours, breathed forth from a corrupt Carcaſs, and ſuffer ſuch loathſomneſs and abominable Stink? But what is this in reſpect of Hell, when each Body of the Damned is more loathſome and unſavoury, than a Million of dead Dogs, and all thoſe preſſed and crowded together in ſo ſtrait a Compaſs? *Bonaventure* goes ſo far as to ſay, That if one only of the Damned were brought into this World, it were ſufficient to infect the whole Earth. Neither ſhall the Devils ſend forth a better Smell, for altho'

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they are Spirits, yet those fiery Bodies unto which they are fastned and confined, shall be of a more Pestilential favour.

HELL is the Worlds sink, and the receptacle of all the Filth in this great Frame, and withal a deep Dungeon, where the Air hath no access: How great must the Stink and Infection needs be of so many Corruptions heaped one upon another? And how insufferable the Smell of that Infernal Brimstone, mixed with so many corrupted matters? O Gulf of Horror! O Infernal Grave! Without vent or breathing place! Eternal Grave of such as die continually and cannot die, with what abominable filth art thou not filled?

WHAT shall I then say of the Tongue, which is the instrument of so many ways of Sinning, Flattery, Lying, Murmuring, and Calumniating, Gluttony, and Drunkenness? Who can express that Bitterness, which the Damned shall suffer, greater than that of *Aloes* or *Wormwood*? The Scripture tells us, the Gall of Dragons shall be their Wine; and they shall taste the Poyson of Asps for all Eternity, unto which shall be joyned an intolerable Thirst, and Dog-like Hunger; Conformable to which *David* said, *they shall suf-*

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fer hunger, as Dogs: Famin is the most pressing of all Necessities, and most deformed of all Evils: Plagues and Wars are happinesses in respect of it; if then a Famin of eight days be the worst of temporal Evils, what shall that Famine be which is Eternal? Let our Epicures hear what the Son of God Propheſies, *Wo unto you who are full*; for you shall be an hungred, and with such a hunger as shall be Eternal: Hunger in this Life doth bring Men to such extremity, that not only they come to desire to eat Dogs, Cats, Rats, and Mice, but also Mothers come to eat their own Children, and men the flesh of their own Arms, as it fell out to *Zenon* the Emperor. If Hunger be so terrible a mischief in this Life, how will it afflict the Damned in the other? Without all doubt the Damned would rather tear themselves in pieces, than suffer it; all the most horrible Famine that the Scripture Historians propose unto us are but weak Pictures, to that, which the Damned suffer in this unfortunate residence of Eternal Miseries; neither shall Thirst torment them less. *Luk. c. 6.*

THE Sense of Touching, as it is the most extended Sense of all the rest, so it shall be the most tormented in that

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burning Fire; all the Torments which the Scripture doth exhibit to us, as prepared for the Reprobate, seem to fall upon this only Sense; *They shall pass*, saith *Job, from extremity of Cold to intolerable Heats*, whole floods of Fire and Brimstone, which showr down upon those unfortunate Wretches; all this belongs unto the Sense of Touching. We are amazed to think of the Inhumanity of *Phalaris*, who roasted Men alive in his brazen Bull; this was a joy in respect of that Fire of Hell, which penetrates the very Entrails of the Body without consuming them: The burning of a Finger only does cause so great a Torment, that it's unsufferable, but far greater were it to burn the whole Arm; and far greater were it besides the Arms to burn the Legs, and far more violent Torment would it be to burn the whole Body: This Torment is so great, that it cannot be expressed, since it compriſes as many Torments as the Body of Man hath Joints, Sinews, Arteries, &c. and especially, being caused by that penetrating and real Fire, of which this Temporal Fire is but a painted Fire, in respect of that in Hell.

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AMONGST all the Torments which Human Juſtice hath invented for the puniſhment of Crimes, there is none held more rigorous than That of Fire, by reaſon of the great Activity of that Element; What ſhall the heat of that Fire be, which ſhall be the Executioner of the Juſtice of the God of Vengeance? Whoſe Zeal ſhall be inflamed againſt the wicked; and ſhall kindle the Fire, which ſhall Eternally burn in the extremities of Hell; ſuch are the Torments and Miſeries of Hell, that if all the Trees in the World were put in one heap, and ſet on fire, I would rather burn there till the day of Judgment, than ſuffer only for the ſpace of one hour, that Fire of Hell: What a miſerable unhappineſs will it be to burn in thoſe Flames of Hell not only for an hour, but till the day of Judgment; yea even for all Eternity, and World without end? Who would not eſteem it an hideous Torment, if he were to be burnt alive an hundred times, and his Torment was to laſt every time for the ſpace of an hour, with what compaſſionate Eyes would all the World look upon ſuch a miſerable Wretch? Nevertheleſs, without all doubt, any of the Damned in Hell would receive this as a great happineſs to

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end his Torments with thoſe hundred times burning: For what compariſon is there betwixt an hundred hours burning, with ſome ſpace of Time betwixt every hour; and to burn an hundred years of continual Torment? And what Compariſon will there be betwixt burning for an hundred years ſpace, and to be burning without interruption, as long as God is God?

WHO can expreſs the ſtrange and horrible confuſion, which ſhall inhabit the Appetite of theſe wretched Creatures? If all the diſorders of Mans Life ſpring from his Paſſions, what diſorder muſt thoſe miſerable Souls, needs feel in that part, what Convulſions, what Rage, what Fury? Alas! That Noble Paſſion, Love, the Queen of all the reſt, the Sun of Life, that Paſſion which might have made them happy for ever, if they had turned it towards God; that amiable Object being razed out of them, the perpetual averſion they have to Love, ſhall eternally afflict them, the Paſſion of Hatred ſhall be outragious in the Damned, whence ſhall proceed their continual Blaſphemies againſt God, and the perpetual Curſes and Imprecations, which they ſhall make againſt the Creatures; and if they have any deſires, they ſhall be deſirous

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ſirous to ſee all the World partaker of their pains; their averſion from all good ſhall be as much tormenting, as in it ſelf it is execrable. Of joy there muſt no mention be made in that place of dolour; but contrariwiſe of incredible ſadneſs, which ſhall oppreſs them without any Conſolation. The heat of Anger ſhall redouble the heat of their Flames; Hope baniſhed from their Hearts ſhall leave the place void to deſpair, which ſhall be one of their fierceſt Torments. And tho' their Bodies be within Hells Boſom, yet ſhall they bear about them another Hell in their own Boſoms.

CONSIDER now, my Soul, whether thou art able to live in this devouring Fire; whether thou wilt make choice of thy Habitation in Eternal Flames? This Fire is prepared for the Devil and his Angels, conſider whether thou wilt enter into this curſed Crew, and take part of the dregs of their Chalice? There is no Medium, either thou muſt forſake thy Sins, or elſe thou muſt be given up a Prey to this Eternal Torment: I doubt not, thou wilt make a happy choice, and, to eſcape ſo dangerous a Gulf, caſt thy ſelf into the Arms of Divine Mercy, which only admits the Penitent, and ſay thus, *O great God, who art*

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a consuming Fire, and makes the Fire of thy Divine Justice issue from amongst the Thorns, to burn the tallest Cedars *in* Lebanon; *let the Fire, which walks before thee as Executioner of thy Justice, never depart from our memory; may it be unto us a Pillar of Light in the Darkness of our Errors, a Lamp unto our Feet, and a Lanthorn to our Ways, whereby we may discover this infernal Gulf, which is ready to swallow us up: Thou, O Lord, who didst deliver the three Children out of the Babylonian Furnace, preserve us from those Eternal Flames, and exempt us from the burning Ones of thy wrath; place us in the Light and Bright One of thy Love, where like* Pyratides *and sacred* Salamanders *we shall live happy without Pain or Torment, singing Honour, Praise, and Benediction, unto Thee our God for ever and ever,* Amen.

CHAP. VIII.

The Pains of the Powers of a Damned Soul.

THE Imagination shall afflict those miserable Offenders, encreasing the pains of the Senses, by the liveliness of its

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its Apprehenſion: If in this Life, the Imagination is ſometime ſo vehement, that it hurts more than real Evils; in the other the Torment which it cauſes, will be exceſſive. *Baptiſta Fulgoſus* recounts, as an Eye-Witneſs; that being a Judge in a Duel, one of the Competitors made the other flie, but inſtantly fell down dead himſelf, without any other cauſe than an imagination that he was hurt to death; for he neither received wound or blow, neither was the ſign of any found upon his dead Body: if in this Life, the imagination be ſo powerful in Men, who are in Health, as to cauſe a Senſe of Pain, where none hurts; Grief, where none moleſts; and Death, where none kills: What ſhall it be in Hell, where ſo many Devils puniſh and afflict with Torments, preſerving only Life, that the pain of Death may live Eternally? And if we ſee ſome timorous People, with an imaginary fear, tremble and remain half dead, there is no doubt but the imagination of thoſe miſerable Perſons, joyned with the Horror of the place where they are, will cauſe a Thouſand Pains and Torments.

FRAME a Judgment of it, by that which happens to ſuch, as in this Life, finding themſelves guilty of grievous Crimes, fear

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to fall into temporal Justice: They may indeed sometimes be in a secure place, but never in security; They may be hid from the Eyes of Men, and be placed out of their reach; but never shall they be able to hide themselves from themselves, or escape the Assault of their own Consciences: While they wake, they are tortured with Fears and Suspicions; their sleep is interrupted with wicked Dreams; dread doth still follow them; at each ones approach they quake with fear, and the Furies, having seised upon them, grant them neither Peace or Truce; their troubled Thoughts put their Hearts upon the Rack. Now, if the Apprehension of Human Justice, which hath Power only over the Body, gives so dreadful Alarms to the imagination; what will the Sense of the Darts of the Divine Justice do, which are so many Instruments of Death, and burning Arrows shot at the Damned Souls?

THE Will shall be Tormented with an Eternal abhorring and rage against it self, against all Creatures, and against God the Creator of all; and shall with an intolerable Sadness, Anger, Grief, and Disorder of all the Affections, violently desire things impossible, and despair of all that is good: If Joy consists in the possession

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of what one Loves, and Pain in the want of that which is deſir'd, and being neceſſitated to what is abhorred; what greater Pain and Torment, than to be ever deſiring that which ſhall never be enjoy'd; and ever abhorring that which we can never be quit of? That which he deſires, he ſhall never obtain; and what he deſires not, Eternally ſuffer: And from hence ſhall ſpring that raging Fury which *David* ſpeaks of; *The Sinner ſhall ſee, and be raging; he ſhall gnaſh his Teeth, and be conſumed:* This Rage and Madneſs ſhall be increaſed by the Deſpair which ſhall be joyned unto it, which muſt needs be moſt terrible unto the Damned: For as the greateſt Evil is eaſed by Hope; ſo the leaſt is made grievous by Deſpair. Hope in Afflictions is ſupported by two things; one is, the Fruit which may reſult from ſuffering; the other is, the End and concluſion of the Evil ſuffered: But in regard the Deſpair of the Damned is of ſo great Evils, the Deſpair it ſelf will be a moſt horrible one.

IF one ſuffers and reaps fruit by it, its a comfort unto him, and the grief is recompenſed by the joy of the benefit thereof; but when the ſuffering is without Fruit or Profit, then it comes to be heavy indeed; the

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the hope of a good Harveſt makes the Labourer with chearfulneſs endure the toyl of Plowing and Sowing; but if he were certain to reap no profit, every pace he moved would be grievous and irkſome unto him. Tho' in Temporal Afflictions this hope of recompence ſhould fail, yet the hope that they ſhould ſometimes ceaſe and have an end, would afford ſome comfort and eaſe unto the Sufferers: But in Hell both thoſe are wanting; the Damned ſhall never receive reward for their Sufferings, nor ſhall their Torments ever have an end.

O let us conſider how great a Recompence attends the leaſt of our ſufferings here in God's Service; and how vain and unprofitable ſhall all our Sufferings be hereafter: here ſome few Penitent Ejaculations may gain Eternal Glories; there the moſt intenſe Pains and Torments both in Soul and Body, cannot deſerve a drop of cold Water, nor ſo much eaſe as to turn from one ſide to the other. In this raging Deſpair and the vain hopes of Sinners: Hell is full of thoſe who hoped they ſhould never enter into it; and full of thoſe who deſpair of getting out of it; they offended, with a preſumptuous hope they ſhould not dye in Sin; and that proving falſe, are

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are fallen into Eternal Deſpāration; there is no hope can excuſe the falling into ſo great a danger. Let us therefore ſecure Heaven, and not Sin.

THE Memory ſhall be another cruel Torment of thoſe miſerable Sinners, converting all they have done, good or bad, into Torments: The good, becauſe they have loſt their reward; the bad, becauſe they have deſerved their puniſhment; the delights, alſo, which they have enjoyed, and all the happineſs of this Life, in which they have Triumphed (ſeeing that for Them they fell into this miſery) ſhall be a ſharp Sword which ſhall pierce their Hearts; they ſhall be full of affliction, when they ſhall compare the ſhortneſs of their paſt Pleaſures with the Eternity of their preſent Torment; what Groans, what Sighs, will they pour out, when they ſee that thoſe delights which hardly laſted an inſtant, and that the Pains they ſuffer for them ſhall laſt for Ages and Eternities; all that is paſt appearing but as a Dream: Let us tremble at the Pleaſures and Felicity of this Life, ſince they may turn into *Arſnick* or *Wormwood*; the miſerable Wretch ſhall with great grief remember, how often he might have gained Heaven, and did not, but is

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now tumbled in Hell; and shall say unto himself, How many times might I have prayed, and spent that time in play, but now I pay for it? How many times ought I to have fasted, and left it, to satisfie my greedy appetite? How many times might I have given Alms, and spent it in Sin? How many times might I have pardoned my Enemies, and chose rather to be revenged? How many times might I have frequented the Sacraments, and forbore them, because I would not quit the occasion of Sinning? There never wanted means of serving God, but I never made use of them, and am therefore justly paid for all; behold, wretched Soul, that entertaining thy self in Pleasures, thou hast for Toys and Fooleries lost Heaven! If thou wouldest, thou mightest have been a companion for Angels; if thou wouldest thou mightest have been in Eternal joy, and thou hast left all for the Pleasure of a moment: *O Accursed and Miserable Creature! thy Redeemer courted thee with Heaven, and thou despisedst him for a base trifle; this was thy fault, and now thou sufferest for it; and since thou wouldst not be happy with God, thou shalt now be Eternally cursed by Him, and his Angels.*

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THE Understanding shall Torment it self with discourses of great Bitterness; discoursing of nothing, but what may grieve it: *Aristotle* shall not then take delight in his Wisdom, nor *Seneca* comfort himself with his Philosophy; *Galen* shall find no remedy in his Physick; nor the profoundest Scholar in his Divinity.

BESIDES these Miseries and Calamities, in this Power of the Soul is ingendred the Worm of Conscience; which is so often proposed unto us in Holy Scripture, as a most terrible Torment, and greater than that of Fire: Only in one Sermon, Christ our Redeemer three times menaces us, *with that Worm which gnaws the Consciences, and tears in pieces the Hearts of the Damned*; admonishing us often, *that their Worm shall never die, nor their Fire be quenched.* For as the Worm, which breeds in dead Flesh, or that which breeds in Woods, eats and gnaws that substance of which they are ingendred; so the Worm which is bred from Sin is in perpetual enmity with it, gnawing and devouring the Heart of the Sinner with raging and desperate grief; still putting him in mind, that by his own fault he lost that Eternal Glory, which he might so easily have obtained, and is now fallen into Eternal

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Torments, from whence there is no redemption; and certainly this resentment of the loss of Heaven shall more Torment him than the Fire of Hell: It's a Hell in Hell, worse than a thousand Hells.

CERTAINLY it were a great rigor if a Father should be forced to be present at the Execution of his Son; but more, if he should be compelled to be the Hangman; and yet greater, if the Gallows should be placed before his own Door; so that he could neither go in or out, without beholding the affront; but far greater cruelty, if they should make the guilty Person to execute himself, and that by cutting his Body in pieces, Member after Member, or tearing off his Flesh with his own Teeth; this is the Cruelty and Torment of an evil Conscience, with which a Sinner is racked and tortured amongst those Eternal Flames, not being able to banish his faults from his Memory; nor their punishment from his thoughts; the envy also which they shall bear towards those who have gained Heaven, by as small matters as they have lost it, shall much add to their grief: Those who are hungry, if they see others, meaner than they, feed at some splendid and plentiful Table, and cannot be admitted themselves,

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ſelves, become more Hungry; ſo ſhall it fare with the Damned, who ſhall be more afflicted by beholding others ſometimes leſs than themſelves enjoy that Eternal Happineſs, which they through want of care are deprived of; What lamentations ſhall the Damned ſend forth, when they ſhall ſee that the Juſt have gained the Benediction of God, and that they loſt it through their own neglect?

AFTER all this, there ſhall not want in Hell the Pains of Death, which amongſt Human puniſhments is the greateſt; that of Hell is a living Death: The Death which Men give, together with Death, takes away the Pain and Senſe of Dying; but the Eternal Death of Sinners is with ſenſe, and by ſo much greater, as it hath more of life, recollecting within it ſelf the worſt of Dying, which is to periſh; and the moſt intolerable of Life, which is to ſuffer pain: In Hell there ſhall be unto the miſerable a Death without Death, and an End without End, for their Death ſhall ever live, and their end ſhall never begin.

SEE how the Rack compels them at length to confeſs the truth. What hath Pride profited us? What advantage have we gotten by the vanity of Riches? All

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that is past as a shadow, as a Ship Sailing on the Sea under full Sails, leaving behind her no marks of her passage; as a Bird flying in the Air, whose trace is not found; so have our days run by, without having any mark of Vertue: We have spent in Malice all the time, which was liberally bestowed npon us, *to work out our Salvation with fear and trembling*; we have past the course of our Age in Appearances, and in the Vanities and Follies of the World, and in an instant we are fallen into Hell; in this sort do those Wretches, gnawn with a continual Sorrow, unprofitably repent themselves, and groan under the pressure and affliction of Heart which is the Hell of their Hell.

EVEN here among us, if there should be a Condition, in which we might be sensible but of some part of that which Death brings along with it, it would be esteemed a greater evil than Death it self: Who doubts, but if one after Burial should find himself alive and sensible under the Earth, where he could speak with no Body, see nothing but Darkness, hear nothing but those who walk above him, smell nothing, but the rotten stink of their Bodies, eat nothing but his own Flesh, nor feel any thing but the Earth which oppresses

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presses him, or the cold pavement of the Vault where he lay; who doubts not, I say, but that this Estate were worse than to be wholly Dead, since Life only served to feel the pain of Death? What Sepulchre is more terrible than that of Hell, which is eternally shut upon those who are in it, where the miserable Damned remain, not only under the Earth, but under Fire, having sense for nothing but to feel Death, Darkness and Pain? This Death of Hell may be called a double Death, in respect it contains both the Death of Sin, and the Death of Pain; those unfortunate Wretches standing condemned, never to be freed from the Death of Sin, and for ever to be Tormented with Death of Pain; There is no greater Death than that of the Soul, which is Sin, in which the Miserable are to continue whilst God is God, with that infinite Evil, and that ugly deformity which Sin draws along with it, which is worse than to suffer that Eternal Fire, which is but the Punishment of it: After Sin, what Pains should there be greater, than that of Sin it self, Who trembles not with the only Memory, that he is to die, remembring that he is to cease to be; that the Feet, whereon he walks, are no more to bear him; that his

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Hands are no more to serve him, nor his Eyes to see? Why then do we not tremble at the thought of Hell, in respect of which the first Death is no Punishment, but a reward and Happiness, there being no Damned in Hell, but would take that Death, which we here inflict for offences, as an ease of his Pains? They shall desire Death, and Death shall flie from them; for unto all their Evils and Miseries, this as the greatest is adjoyned, that neither they nor it shall ever die: This circumstance of being Eternal doth much augment the Torments of Hell: Let us suppose, that one had but a Gnat that should sting his Right Hand, and a Wasp at the Left, and that one Foot should be pricked with a Thorn, and the other with a Pin; if this only were to last for ever, it would be an intolerable Pain. What will it then be, when Hands, Feet, Arms, Head, and all the Members, are to burn for all Eternity? They shall always burn, but never be consumed; they shall seek for Death in the Flames, but shall not find it; therefore justly doth one cry out, O Wo Eternal, that never shall have End! O End without End! O Death more grievous than all Death, always to Die, and never to be quite Dead.

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THE Torments in Hell are ſo many in number, that they cannot be numbred; ſo long in continuance, that they cannot be meaſured; ſo grievous for quality, that they cannot be endured, but with ſuch infinite Pain, that every minute of an hour ſhall ſeem a whole Year: *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chaſten me in thy diſpleaſure; unleſs thou wilt have mercy, O God, I muſt needs periſh:* In this Life we have hope; of our Comforter in all Diſtreſſes; which hath a Sovereign Vertue to mitigate all Pains and Sorrows. And God, of his great Mercy, for the moſt part, in all Adverſities, ſtill leaveth a Man ſome hope of Help and Succour; the Sick Man, as long as he Lives, he ſtill lives in hope; as long as there is Life, there is hope; but after this Life ended there remaineth to the Damned no more hope of any Comfort; Hope the laſt Comforter of all taketh her flight, and Eternal deſperation ſeiſeth upon them.

IF an Angel ſhould promiſe thee to be made an Emperor, ſo you would lie in your Bed one Night in the ſame poſture, looking upwards towards Heaven, without moving or turning your ſelf all Night, if you have a mind to turn on one ſide, it will be a trouble to you not to do it,

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and will perſwade your ſelf, that you never laid ſo uneaſie in your whole Life before; and will ſay unto your ſelf, my Bed is good and ſoft, I am well, what is wanting to me? Nothing is wanting, but only to turn me from one ſide to the other. How comes this to paſs, that thou canſt not reſt one ſingle Night, it being ſuch a torture to be ſtill without turning thy ſelf? What would it be if thou wert to remain in one poſture three or four Nights? Thou haſt little patience, ſince a thing ſo ſmall doth grieve thee; What would it be if thou hadſt the *Cholick*, or wert tormented with the *Stone*, or *Sciatica*? Far greater Evils than theſe are prepared for thee in Hell, whither thou poſts by running into ſo many Sins: Conſider what a Couch is prepared for thee in that Abyſs of Miſery, what Feather-Bed, what Holland Sheets? Thou ſhalt be caſt upon burning Coals, Flames and Sulphur ſhall be thy Coverlets; mark well whether this Bed be for one Night only; yea, Nights, Days, Months, and Years, for Ages and Eternities, thou art to remain on that ſide thou falleſt on, without having the leaſt relief to turn thy ſelf unto the other: That Fire ſhall never die, neither ſhalt thou ever die, to the end its

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its Torments may last Eternally: After an Hundred years, and after an Hundred thousand Millions of years, they shall be as lively and as vigorous as at the first day; see what thou doest, by not fearing Eternal Death; by making no account of Eternity; by setting so much of thy affection on a Temporal Life; thou doest not walk the right way: Change thy Life, and begin to serve thy Creator.

BLESSED Lord, Eternal God, my Heart is naked and open before Thee; I send up my sighs as humble Orators before Thee; I know not what to ask, nor how, only this one thing I beg at thy Hands, that thou wilt not suffer me to die an Eternal Death; Correct me here as thy Child, that I may be saved hereafter: Lord, thou knowest that I love thee; and that I desire to be with Thee, that I may sing Eternal praises unto Thee: Lord, have Mercy upon me, and grant me my Request for thy great Mercys sake.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

The Fruit which may be drawn from the Consideration of Eternal Evils.

ALL which hath been said of the Pains in Hell, is far short of that, which really they are; there is great difference betwixt the knowledge we have by relation, and that which we learn by experience; The *Machabees* knew, that the Temple of the Lord was already prophaned and destroyed, they had heard of it, and lamented it; but when they saw with their Eyes the Sanctuary lie desolate, the Altar prophaned, and the Gates burnt, there was then no measure of their Tears; they tore their Garments, cast Ashes upon their Heads, threw themselves upon the Ground, and their Complaints ascended as high as Heaven; if then the relation and discourse of the Pains of Hell make us tremble, what shall be the sight and experience? The consideration of what hath been said, may help us to form some conception of the Terror and Horrour of that place of Eternal Sorrow: Let us descend into Hell whilst we live, that we may not descend there when we are dead: Let us draw

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draw ſome Fruit from thence, during our Lives, from whence nothing but Torment is to be had after Death.

THE principal Fruit which may be drawn from that conſideration, are theſe: In the firſt place, an ardent Love, and ſincere gratitude towards our Creator; that having ſo often deſerved Hell, he hath not yet ſuffered us to fall into it: How many be there now in Hell, who for their firſt mortal Sin, and only for that one have been ſent thither? And we, notwithſtanding the innumerable Sins, which we have committed, are yet ſpared: What did God find in us, that he ſhould uſe a Mercy towards us for ſo many ſins, which he did not afford to others for ſo few? Why are we not then more grateful for ſo many benefits, which we have no ways deſerved? How grateful would a Damned perſon be, if God ſhould free him from thoſe Flames, wherein he is tormented, and place him in the ſame condition we now are? What a life would he lead, and how grateful would he be unto ſo merciful a Benefactor? He hath done no leſs for us, but much more; for if he hath not drawn us out of Hell, he hath not thrown us into it, as we deſerved, which is the greater favour. Tell me, if a Creditor ſhould caſt that Debtor into Priſon, who owed

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owed him a thousand Duckets, and after the enduring of much affliction, at last release him; or should suffer another, who owed fifty thousand Duckets, to go up and down free without touching a thread of his Garment; whether of the Debtors received the greater benefit? I believe thou wilt say, the latter; More then are we indebted to God Almighty, and therefore ought to serve him better: Consider how a Man would live, who should be restored to life after he had been in Hell: Thou shouldst live better, since thou art more indebted to Almighty God.

SECONDLY, we are taught to exercise our patience in suffering the afflictions and troubles of this Life; that by enduring of these thankfully, we may escape those of the other; he who shall consider the Eternity of those Torments, which he deserves, will not be troubled at the Pains of this Life how bitter soever: There is no State or Condition upon Earth, how miserable soever, which the Damned would not endure, and think it an infinite Happiness, if they might change with it; neither is there any course of life so unhappy, which he, who had once experienced those burning Flames, if he might live again, would not willingly undergo; he, who hath once deserved

ſerved Eternal Torments, let him never murmur againſt the croſſes and petty injuries offered him in this Life: If thou goeſt into a Bath, and ſhalt find it exceſſive hot, think on Hell; if thou art tormented with the heat of ſome violent Fever, paſs unto the conſideration of thoſe Eternal Flames, which burn without end; and think that if a Bath or Calenture ſo afflict, how ſhalt thou endure that River of Fire? When thou ſhalt ſee any thing great in this preſent Life, think preſently of the Kingdom of Heaven, and ſo thou ſhalt not value it much; and when thou ſhalt ſee any thing terrible, think on Hell, and thou wilt not be much moved; when the deſire of any Temporal thing ſhall afflict thee, think that the Pleaſure of it is of no eſtimation; if the fear of Laws, which are enacted here upon Earth, be of that force, that they are able to deter us from evil Actions, much more ought the thoughts of Eternal pain affright us: If we often think of Hell, we ſhall never fall into it.

WE ought often to call to mind the Evils of the next Life, that we may the more deſpiſe the Pleaſures of this; becauſe Temporal Felicity uſes often to end in Eternal Miſery. All that is precious in this World, Honour, Wealth, Fame, Pleaſure, all the ſplen-

ſplendor of the Earth is but a ſhadow, if we compare the ſmall duration of them with the Eternity of thoſe Torments in the other World.

PUT all the Silver in the World together in one heap, all the Gold, all the precious Stones, Diamonds, Emeralds, with all other the richeſt Jewels; all the Triumphs of the *Romans*, all the Rarities and Dainties of the *Aſſyrians*, *&c.* all would deſerve to be of no other value than Dirt, if to be poſſeſſed with hazard of falling at laſt into the Pit of Hell. Let us call to mind that Sentence of our bleſſed Saviour, *What will it avail a Man to gain the whole World, if he loſe his Soul?* If they ſhould make us Lords and Maſters, I ſay, not of great Wealth, but of the whole World, we ſhould not admit of it with the leaſt hazard of being Damned for ever. Let one enjoy all the Contents and *Regales* imaginable, let him be raiſed to the higheſt pitch of Honour; let him Triumph with all the Greatneſs in the World; all this is but a Dream, if after this mortal Life, he finds himſelf at length plung'd into Hell-fire.

YOU may look upon a Wheel of Squibs and Fire-Works, which whilſt it moves, caſts forth a thouſand lights and ſplendors, with which the Beholders are much taken, but all at laſt ends in a little Smoke and burnt

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burnt Paper; ſo it is, whilſt the Wheel of Felicities was in motion, according to the Style of St. *James*, that is to ſay, whilſt our Life laſts, its Fortune and Proſperity appears moſt Glorious; but ceaſing, all comes to end in Smoke, and he that fares beſt in it, at laſt finds himſelf plunged into Hell.

WHEN a Fever, or ſome great unexpected change in a Mans eſtate, happens to him, it makes him to forget all his former contents in Health and Wealth; his Sickneſs and Adverſity ſo taking up the whole Man, as that he hath no leiſure to imploy his thoughts upon any thing elſe; and if, perhaps, any paſſage of his former Condition chance to come to his mind, it gives him no ſatisfaction, but rather augments his pain; wherefore if temporal Evils, tho' very ſhort, are ſufficient to make former Felicities of many years vaniſh; What impreſſion will temporal Goods make in us, if we imploy our thoughts upon Eternal Evils? Beſides thoſe Torments, which are to be ſuffered hereafter without profit, may move in us to Husband the ſhort time of this Life moſt to our advantage: How many miſerable Souls now ſuffer thoſe Eternal Pains, for not employing one day in the Service of God? What would a Damned Soul give for one quarter of an hour

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out of so many days and years which are lost, and shall not have one instant allowed him? Thou who now livest and hast time, lose not that which imports thee so much, and once lost can never be recover'd. O miserable Creatures! Who for having lost a short space of time, lose an Eternity of Felicity; they come to know too late the importance of that which they have lost, and shall never come to regain it; let us now make use of that time, whilst we may gain Eternity, and let us not lose that with pleasure, which cannot be recover'd with grief.

LASTLY, Let us draw, from the consideration of Hell, a perfect hatred to all mortal Sin, since from the Evil of sin proceeds the Evil of Pain: Terrible is the Evil of Sin, since it cannot be satisfied even with Eternal Flames.

CHAP. X.

The infinite Guilt of Mortal Sin, by which we lose the felicity of Heaven, and fall into Eternal Evils.

SO Foul and horrid is a Mortal Sin in its own Nature, that though it past only in thought, and none knew it but God,

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God, and he who committed it, and which endured no longer than an inſtant, yet it deſerves the Torments of Hell for all Eternity; for by how much greater is the Majeſty of God, which is deſpiſed, by ſo much greater is the injury offer'd him; and therefore as the Majeſty of God, which is deſpiſed by Sin, is infinite, ſo the deſpite of it muſt contain in it ſelf a certain kind of Infinity: By how much greater is the Reverence due to a Perſon, by ſo much greater is the Diſreſpect and Affront offered him. And as to God there is due an infinite Reverence, ſo the injury done him, is of an inexplicable Malice, which by no Good Works of a meer Creature, how many and great ſoever, can be expiated. So great is the malignity of a Mortal Sin, that being put into the Ballance of Divine Juſtice, it would outweigh all the Good Works of all the Saints, although they were a thouſand times more and greater than they are; becauſe the good works with which God is honoured by his Saints, altho' in themſelves great in value, yet in reſpect of God, unto whom they add nothing, and who is nothing bettered by them, they are not valuable; unto whoſe Divine Goodneſs, not only they, but infinitely more, and greater, are but a Debt: But for God

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to be despised by his Creature, who by infinite titles is obliged to serve him, and ought to reverence him with an infinite Honour, is a thing so highly repugnant to his Majesty, that if God were capable of Grief, would more afflict him, than all the pious Actions of the Saints content him: Certainly amongst Men the Honour which is given to one who deserves it, takes not so much, as a contempt done unto him, who merits it not: A King values not much the Honour which is given him by his Vassals, because he takes it not for a Courtesie, but a Duty; but to be affronted and scorned by one, especially whom he had favour'd with his Benefits, sticks near unto his Heart; for not only Kings, but all Men think Honour due unto them, and disrespect an Injury. There is no resentment among Men so quick, as that of Dishonour; nor any thing which causes more Grief and Vexation: If some Person of Quality should have his Hat pluckt off from his Head in scorn, and receive a dozen of Bastinado's from some base Fellow, that affront would not be recompensed, although a thousand should put off their Caps to him, and kiss his Hand.

BY this may appear the irreverence and great incivility towards God in a Mortal Sin:

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Sin: Inſomuch as St. *Paul* calls it, *kicking or ſpurning the Son of God*; this is the reaſon why it was neceſſary that God ſhould become Man, being the Divine Juſtice could not be appeaſed with leſs than the Satisfaction of a Divine Perſon; let thoſe therefore ceaſe to marvel, that a momentary Sin ſhould be puniſhed with Eternal Torments; who ſee that for Sin God was made Man, and Died for Man; and certainly, it is a far greater wonder, that God ſhould die for the Sin of another, than that Man ſhould for his own Sin ſuffer an Eternal Puniſhment: And if the malice of Sin be ſo exorbitant, that nothing could ſatisfie for it, leſs than God; it's nothing ſtrange that that which hath no limit nor bound in Evil, ſhould have no limit in Puniſhment, but ſhould exceed all Time, and be Eternal. And if a Treaſon committed againſt a Temporal Prince be chaſtiſed with loſs of Life and Goods of the Traitor, and with the Puniſhment alſo of his Poſterity, which in as much as concerns the Prince, is Eternal; why ſhould not the Offence of a vile Worm againſt his Creator, be Tormented with Eternal Pains? The Greatneſs of Honour decreaſes and grows leſs, according to the Height and Dignity of the Perſon Honoured; ſo as that Honour

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which done to an ordinary Person would seem excessive, given unto a Prince is nothing: And on the contrary, the greatness of an Injury rises and grows higher, according to the worth of him who is injured; so as God, who is infinite, being the person offended, deserves that the injury done unto him should be chastised with a punishment equal to the duration of his Being, and needs that he who satisfies for it should be a person of infinite worth and perfection, voluntarily undertaking to put himself into the sinners place, and to suffer in his stead.

AND as Sin is grievous in its own Nature, so it is much engreatned by the circumstances which attend it: Let us consider who it is that sins, it's a most vile and wretched Man, who presumes to lift up his hands against his Creator: And what is Man, but a Vessel of Dung, a stink of Corruption, and by birth a Slave of the Devil? and yet he dares offend his Maker. An Offence against God were most grievous; though from another God (if it were possible) infinite and equal to it self; but that his Creature should be so insolent against his Omnipotent Lord, is beyond amazement. But what is that which a sinner does when

when he offends? It is, according to St. *Anselm*, an endeavour to pluck the Crown from the head of God, and place it upon his own; it is, according to the Apostle, to *Crucifie again the Lord of Life*. If any of these things were attempted against a Majesty upon Earth, it were enough to make the Offenders flesh to be pluck'd off with Pincers; to have him torn in pieces with wild Horses; to pull down his house, and sow the place with Salt, and make his whole Linage infamous. If such an Offence were committed by one Man against another, betwixt whom the difference is not great, being both equal in Nature, it were very hainous; What shall it deserve, being committed against God, the Lord and Creator of all, whose immense greatness is infinitely distant from the Nature of his Creature? O good God, who is able to express what a Sinner doth against thee and himself! He despises thy Majesty, razes out thy Law from his heart, contemns thy Justice, scorns thy Threats, despises thy Promises, makes a solemn renunciation of the Glory thou hast promised him; and all to bind himself an eternal Slave to Satan, desiring rather to please thine Enemy than thee; who art his Father, his Friend, and all his Good;

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desiring rather to die Eternally by displeasing thee, than to enjoy Heaven for ever by serving thee.

LET us now see where, and in what place a Sinner presumes to Sin, and be a Traytor unto God; its even in his own World, in his own House; and knowing that his Creator looks upon him, he offends him; if a Sin were committed where God could not see it, it were yet an enormous fault; but to do an injury to his Creator before his Face, what an unspeakable impudence is it? If he who Sins could go into another World, where God did not inhabit, and there in secret under the Earth should Sin after such a manner, as only himself should know it; yet it were a great boldness; but to sin in his own House, which is this World, What Hell doth it not deserve? For a Man only to lay his Hand upon his Sword in the Palace of a King is Capital, and deserves Death, For a Sinner then by his Sins to Spurn and Crucifie the Son of God, in the House of his Father, and before his Face, what Understanding can conceive the greatness of such a Malice? And therefore *David* with reason dissolved himself into Tears, because he had Sinned in the presence of God, and with a grief, which pierced his Heart, cried out, *I have done evil before*

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before thee. Beſides this, we not only Sin againſt God in his own Houſe, but even in his Arms; whilſt we are upheld by his Omnipotency: If there were a Son ſo wicked, who, whilſt he was cheriſht in his Mother's Boſom, ſhould ſtrike her, and endeavour to Kill her, every one would think that a moſt impious Child; How then dares Man offend God, who ſuſtains, preſerves, and hath redeemed him?

THE heinouſneſs of this Malice in Sin is much augmented by the helps which a Sinner uſes to effect it; for he turns thoſe very Divine Benefits which he hath received from God, againſt him who gave them: The ſenſe which Men uſually have of Ingratitude, is moſt apprehenſive; if to forget a benefit be ingratitude, to deſpiſe it is an injury; but to uſe it againſt the Benefactor, I know not what to call it: This does he who Sins, making uſe of thoſe Creatures which God Created for his Service, to offend him; and converts his Divine Benefits into Arms againſt God himſelf. What could we ſay, if a King, to honor his Soldier, ſhould make him a Knight, Arm him with his own Arms, ſhould girt his Sword about him with his own Hands, and that the Soldier, ſo ſoon as he was poſſeſſed of the Sword, ſhould draw it againſt the

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the King and Murther him? This wickedneſs which ſeems impoſſible amonſt Men, is ordinary in Man towards God; who being honoured ſo many ways by his Creator, and enriched with ſo many Benefits, as much as in him lies, bereaves God of his Honour, and deſires to bereave him of his Life; his Underſtanding, which he received from God, he uſes in finding out a way to Execute his Sin; with his Hands he performs it, and with all his power offends him who gave them.

BUT if we ſhall conſider why Man does this; it is a Circumſtance which will amaze us at the Malice of it: Why doth a Sinner thus offend againſt his God? Wherefore is he a Traytor unto the Lord of the World? Wherefore doth he abhor his Redeemer? What reaſon hath he for ſo monſtrous a Wickedneſs? It's only for a baſe and filthy Pleaſure, for a fooliſh fancy of Man, becauſe he will, and no more: O horrid inſolence! O Mad fury of Men, which without a Cauſe, ſo grievouſly offend their Creator: And by their Sins provoke ſo good and gracious a God!

THE manner alſo of our Sinning would aſtoniſh any, who ſhould ſeriouſly conſider it; it is with ſo much Impudence, Pride, and

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and contempt of God, after having heard ſo many Examples of his Chaſtiſements executed upon Sinners; after having ſeen that the moſt Beautiful and Glorious of all the Angels, and with him innumerable others were thrown from Heaven, and made Firebrands in Hell for one Sin; and that only in thought: After having ſeen the firſt Man for one Sin baniſhed from the Paradiſe of Pleaſure, into this Valley of Tears; deſpoiled of ſo many ſupernatural Endowments; and Condemned to Death; after having known that ſo many have been Damned for their offences; after that the Son of God had ſuffered upon the Croſs for our Sins; after all this, to Sin, is an impudence never heard of, and an intollerable contempt of the Divine Juſtice.

BESIDES, what greater Scorn and Contempt of God than this? that God, who is worthy of all Honour and Love; and the Devil, who is our profeſſed Enemy; pretending both to our Souls, the one to ſave them, the other to torment them in Eternal Flames, yet we adhere to Satan, and perfer him before Chriſt our Saviour and Redeemer, and that ſo much to our prejudice, as by the loſs of Eternal Glory, and captivating our ſelves unto Eternal Torments

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Torments and Slavery? The manner also of Sinning aggravates the Sin, as the Sinner doth, by losing thereby Eternal Happiness; tho he who Sins much lost nothing, yet the offence against God were great: But well knowing, the great damages and Punishments likewise that attend Sin, and the evident hazard he runs, and yet to Sin, is a strange impudency. If we shall consider when it is that we Sin, we shall find this Circumstance no less to aggravate our Offences than the former: Because we now Sin, when we know that the Son of God was nailed unto the Cross, that we should not Sin; when we know that God was incarnate for us, humbled himself to be made Man, and subjected himself unto Death, even the Death of the Cross for our Redemption: To Sin after we had seen God so good and obliging unto us, with those not to be imagined favours, is a Circumstance which ought much to be pondered in our Hearts, and might make us forbear the offending of so loving a Father. And that Christian who Sins after all this, is to be esteemed worse than a Devil: For the Devil never sinned against that God, who had shed his Blood for him, or who had pardoned so much as one Sin of his: When those Sinned who were under

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the Law of Nature, they had not ſeen the Son of God die for their Salvation, as a Chriſtian hath; and there is no doubt but Chriſtians will deſerve new Torments, and greater than thoſe who have not had the knowledge of God, nor receiv'd ſo many benefits from him.

LET us conſider about what Sin is committed, and we do offend God; It's about complying with a ſenſual guſt, which in the end bereaves us of Health, of Honour, of Subſtance, and even of Pleaſure it ſelf; ſuffering many days of grief for a moments Delight; about things of the Earth, which are Vile and Tranſitory; and about goods of the World, which are falſe, ſhort, and deceitful: What would we ſay, if for a thing of ſo ſmall value as a ſtraw, one Man ſhould kill another? No more than a ſtraw are all the Felicities of the World, in reſpect of thoſe of Heaven, and for a thing of ſo ſmall conſideration, we are Traytors to God, and crucifie Chriſt again; and that a Thouſand times, as often as we Sin mortally againſt him.

LASTLY, conſider whom we offend; it's God, who is moſt Perfect, moſt Wiſe, Immenſe, Omnipotent, and Infinite; we Sin againſt him who infinitely Loves us, who ſuffers us, who heaps his benefits and rewards

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wards upon us; to do Evil to those who make much of them, even wild Beasts abhor it; what is it then for thee to injure him, who loved thee more than himself? Who hath done thee all good, that thou shouldest do no Evil? Fear then this Lord, reverence his Majesty, love his Goodness, and offend him no more: Sin is so Evil, that it's every way Evil; behold it on every side, it still seems worse. It is not only Evil, as it's an injury to God, but it's Evil in it self, in it's own Nature; for if there were no God, or that God were not offended with it, yet it were a most horrid evil, the greatest of all evils, and the cause of all evils. In regard of this deformity and filthiness of sin, the Philosophers judged it to be abhorred above all things; and those who denied the Immortality of the Soul, and the Providence of God, affirmed that nothing should make them commit it; and there having been some amongst them, who have suffered great extremities to avoid a vicious Act; *Damocles*, as *Plutarch* writes, chose rather to be boiled in scalding Water than to consent to a filthy Act; for which reason is *Hippo* celebrated amongst the Greek Matrons, who chose rather to die than offend: These were Gentiles, who saw not Hell open for

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for the punishment of sinners, nor fled from sin, because it was an Offence unto God; but only for the enormity and filthiness it had in it self; this made them endure Prisons and Tortures, rather than admit it: What should Christians then do, who know how much Sin is offensive to God! Certainly, they ought rather to give a thousand lives, than once to injure their Creator by committing an Offence, which not only Gentiles, but even Nature hath in horror, which hath planted in brute Beasts, although they cannot sin, yet a natural aversion from that which looks like sin.

PLINY admires the force of Lightning, which melts the Gold and Silver, and leaves the Purse, which contains it, untouch'd; such is Sin, which kills the Soul, and leaves the Body sound and active; it's a flash of Lightning sent from Hell, and such leaves the Soul which it hath blasted.

SIN, though it were the best thing of the World, yet for the evil effects it produces, it ought to be avoided more than Death; it bereaves the Soul of Grace, banishes the Holy Ghost, deprives it of the right of Heaven: makes him unworthy of Divine Protection, and condemns a sinner

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ſinner unto Eternal Torments in the other World, and in this to many Diſaſters, for there is neither Plague, War, Famin, nor infirmity of Body, whereof Sin hath not been in ſome ſort the occaſion. And therefore thoſe that weep for their Afflictions, let them change the Object of their Tears, and weep for the cauſe, which is their ſin.

I will therefore from henceforth reſolve, that although I were certain that Men ſhould not know my ſins, and that God would pardon them; yet I will not offend for the very filthineſs of Sin.

FINIS.

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